

# THE CHRONICLE

BREEDING  
FOX HUNTING  
The Horseman's Weekly Journal  
A True Line Needs No Lash  
RACING  
HORSE SHOWS

VOL. VIII NO. 24

MIDDLEBURG, VIRGINIA, FRIDAY, FEBRUARY 16, 1945

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## Thoroughbreds

By Salvator

**Does Racing Need A Czar?  
Or—Doesn't It? Question  
Answered**

FROM a reader of The Chronicle comes a letter from which is extracted the following paragraphs—

"I see by the papers—as Mr. Dooley used to remark—that racing is in need of a Czar to steer it through the troubled waters where it is wallowing at present. The wise boys that are telling that to the world seem to know all about it.

"They have a lot to say about what the base-ball Czar, Kenesaw M. Landis, did to uplift, purify and preserve that great sport and state that racing needs just such a man, to do the same kind of a job for it. In fact that it is crying and screaming for him and if he is not found and made a Czar out of, the sport is going to the dogs. Is that a sure-fire proposition? Personally I am unable to figure it all out, but they have got it all added up and the answer underneath. If you care to tell us your ideas in The Chronicle I would like to have them."

Being always willing to oblige—when possible—and feeling flattered at the compliment which my correspondent's query implies, I shall try to fill his requisition.

In the first place, it seems to me that, just at present, racing doesn't need another Czar. It already has one, enthroned and crowned, before whom everybody—almost—is lying down and rolling over and, as it were, begging to be used for a door-mat.

With Czar Byrnes functioning as comprehensively as any one-man power very well can, is it not some-

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## "Information Please" And Farmers' Party Staged In Montreal

By Pamela Dillingham

Information Please! Equine version. The committee of Montreal's Horsemanship Club, Montreal, Canada thought that an evening based on the famous Heinz program would be a lot of fun. So, four experts were appointed, and all members were asked to send in questions and try to "stump" them. The experts would have to get two out of three right, and if they missed, the Club would pay \$1.00 in War Stamps to the sender of the questions. If all three parts were missed, the Club would pay

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## Night Raider And Worth Toss For Bayview Honors

By Broadview

The Bayview Riding and Driving Club, Toronto, Ontario, started its 1945 season with a horse show on February 3rd in Sifton's arena. We have had a great deal of snow in these parts this year but all the roads were open and a good bunch of horses were on hand which included a number of new ones to take part in the green and novice classes as they are starting off with a new slate and, as last year, there will probably be a number which move up to the ranks of top performers.

The afternoon started with a novice performance for horses which had not won a 1st in either a performance or hunter class. **Niagara King**, owned by E. H. Cudney of Winona, Ontario, and a very promising jumper, won this class over George Kellough's grey **Sky Chief**, with another Kellough entry, **Night Raider**, 3rd. This is a 16.3 chestnut Thoroughbred, 6 years old, by **Royal Watch** out of a mare by **McNiel**, which has been the sire of many remarkable jumpers and this big gelding is surely also one for I hear that he has been schooled loose over 7'-0". He has never been shown before but performed very well. The 4th horse in this class was Mr. De-Bois' **Watch Him**. Mrs. Willison's **Darkie** was disqualified as it was discovered that she had won somewhere last year. It is always most

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## Shaker Heights Holds Its Third Schooling Show

By Margot Harris

On Sunday afternoon, February 4th, the 3rd schooling show was run off at the 107th Cavalry Armory, Shaker Heights, Ohio. Mr. William Dunn acted as judge.

The first class was a horsemanship over fences without wings. The blue ribbon in this division where the jumps were placed at 3'-6", was won by Shirley O'Brien. Second went to Carol Comey, and 3rd to Tom Reading.

First honors in the other division, jumps at 3'-0", went to Louise O'Neill. Elizabeth Rauschkolb came in 2nd and Dawn Bouse received the yellow.

The second class also had horsemanship count. This was a pair class for riders under 12 years. The performance of the horses as a pair counted the other 50 per cent. The school-owned division was won by Caroline Reese on **Sterling** and Nancy Halter on **Rusty**. John Weins and Nancy Lien won the red ribbons. A grey pair, **Wild Honey** and **Handsome**, placed 3rd with Paulette Edes and Marian Johnson up.

In the private-owned division, Kay Johnson on **Victory Girl** and Patricia Forker on **Model Boy**, kept their chestnut pair under fine control and thus won the blue ribbon. The 2nd ribbons were placed on the bridle of **Silver Dollar** and **Huntress**, ridden by Diana Rauschkolb and

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## Renown Wins In Feature Class At Southern Pines

By Howard F. Burns

One thousand spectators surrounded the horseshow ring and hunter course Sunday afternoon at Southern Pines, North Carolina to see **Renown**, a 5-year-old chestnut gelding, owned by Mrs. Dwight W. Winkelman of Syracuse, New York, brilliantly ridden by W. O. Moss, M. F. H. of the Moore County Hounds, capture the blue ribbon in the feature class for middle and heavy weight hunters run over a picturesque one-half mile hunting course of panel fences. **Stalstown**, a seasoned hunter, entered by Stoneybrook Stables of Southern Pines, with the veteran trainer, Mickey Walsh up, won 2nd place in the field of seven hunters. **Prince**, a dark bay gelding owned by the Mile-Away Stables of Southern Pines, with Mrs. Ace Parker up, was 3rd.

The thrill on the afternoon card was in the class for Amateur riders, which was marked by a number of spills in which Father Tate of Southern Pines and several soldiers from Camp Mackall put on a show of their own. **Black Giant**, a bay mare, owned by Mickey Walsh and

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## Secor Farms Riding Club's Sunday Shows Are Enjoyed By All

Sunday, February 4 at 3:30 p. m., Secor Farms Riding Club, White Plains, New York, held another local show.

These shows are given every Sunday and usually consist of three classes; bridle path hack (hunter type), working hunters, and open jumpers, run on a handicap basis. Entry fees are \$1.00 per class.

When a horse wins the bridle path hacks, he is eliminated from that class. When one wins the hunters or jumpers, he becomes a "B" horse, and the jumps are raised 3". If he wins a second time, he becomes a "C" horse and the jumps are raised an additional 3", and so on.

The classes were all well filled this week. The club members, as usual, entered all the horses they could and there were several outside entries. Mrs. Elizabeth Correll and George Braun sent over several horses. We had about a dozen entries in each class.

George Austin, Jr., of White Plains judged.

After the show, supper was served

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## Hunting Notes From England And India

By Major Philip K. Crowe

Major Maurice Barclay, master of the Puckeridge Fox Hounds of Berkshire and a trustee of the Trinity Foot Beagles wrote me that the TFB have at last ended their five years of war wandering and are now the prized property of a battle school in Yorkshire. The officer hunting them says that they have shown wonderful sport this winter and he is going to breed some puppies. For nearly two years the Trinity Foot were virtually lost and finally showed up with a commando regiment in the South of England. During all this time, however, there were always beaglers who looked after the little hounds and from what the Major says the pack suffered little in its hegira.

Americans who hunted in Rome in years preceding the war will re-

member Jim Brown, huntsman of the Rome Fox Hounds, who for nearly twenty years hustled the thin foxes of the Campagna. He is now whipping to Major Barclay and despite his sixty-seven years doing a grand job.

A new kind of hunt was recently enjoyed by a Royal Air Force friend of mine near Rawlapindi. Instead of hounds and jackals, the chase was directed at partridge. A group of three officers rode across country and flushed the first bird in their path. He flew for a quarter of a mile and lit, with the three galloping hell for leather on his trail. He was then flushed again and after four rises refused to leave the ground. In the grand finale, my friend jumped from his horse and picked up the com-

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# Hunting Notes:-



## The New Master's Puppy Show

By A. Henry Higginson

### Chapter Nine

The General Meeting of the Northwold Hunt was held a week later in the Village Hall at Northesk, as it was felt that the meeting would be so largely attended that the little Inn did not possess a big enough room to accommodate with comfort more than twenty people. The news had spread all over the County, and long before the hour for which the meeting was called, the village street was thronged with vehicles of every description. Promptly at 1:00 o'clock the meeting was called to order by Sir Clifford Pember, who, as Senior Member of the Hunt Committee, was in the Chair. Addressing those present, he said:—

"I'm sure you all realize the great loss which all of us, and the Country, have sustained by the death of our late Master and Chairman, Sir Herbert Mason. No Hunt has ever been more fortunate in its Master; for Sir Herbert was, as you all know, a friend to foxhunting, to the farmers and landowners in the Country, to the tenant farmers, to the labourers in the fields—in fact, to everyone—as well as a distinguished Master of Hounds. His knowledge of hunting lore and usages, his knowledge of foxhounds and hound breeding, was second to none, and his death, which was such a great blow to the Country, was felt by Masters of Hounds all over the world; for he had friends on both sides of the Atlantic. In his Will he left the pack, which was not owned by the Country, but was his private and treasured possession, to his nephew, John Meredith, who, although he has not been a resident here, is known to many of us. Mr. Meredith has had a great deal of experience in foxhunting and hound breeding; both in America, where he lived for some time, and in the Blankshire country, where he has been hunting for the past two years.

"Our late Master, his uncle, has left to him, not only his hounds—our pack—but also his entire estate, including all his property, both real and personal, and in his Will—which I have seen—he stated that it was his hope that the legatee would particularly interest himself in the hounds and would carry on the work which he has managed successfully for so many years. I have met Mr. and Mrs. Meredith—he has only recently married a most charming and gracious lady, a keen hunting woman who would make a most admirable Master's wife—and I have talked at length with both of them. Mr. Meredith owns a delightful place in the Blankshire country, where he has been hunting, but he

has given his solicitors orders to dispose of it, and he proposes to live at 'Northesk House', in accordance with the hope expressed in his uncle's Will. Your Honorary Secretary and I approached Mr. Meredith a few days ago, and asked him point blank what his intentions were with regard to future arrangements about hunting—whether he intended to retain the pack or whether he wished to dispose of it to the Country. His answers to our questions were most considerate. He said that he wished to consult the wishes of the Country in every way. I asked him if he would accept the Mastership if it were offered to him; and though he demurred at first, he finally agreed to do so—if it was the unanimous wish of the Country. He told me that if he accepted it, he was prepared to carry on the hounds in the same manner that the late Master had, and that he intended to retain the same Hunt staff for the present. Whether he would wish to hunt hounds himself, in a year or two, was a matter which he did not care to discuss; since he felt that it would be a great impertinence for him—a novice—to come into a country where he was unknown and undertake to assume responsibilities for which he was not fitted. I may say that both Mr. Smithwick and I were struck with his modesty, and I have called this meeting here today to ascertain what arrangements you wish your committee to make for the coming season."

Lord Nevers, of whom we have already spoken, rose to his feet. "My Lords and Gentlemen," he said, "I have listened with great interest to what our Chairman has had to say. I too have met Mr. Meredith, the new owner of 'Northesk House' and the property, including the Northwold Hounds, which have come to him through the Will of my old friend, Sir Herbert Mason. I may say that I have found Mr. Meredith a most charming and delightful gentleman; one who, I feel sure will carry on the traditions of the owner of 'Northesk'. If it is in order, Mr. Chairman," he turned to Sir Clifford Pember, "I wish to make a motion. I wish to propose the name of John Meredith, Esquire, of 'Northesk House', as Master of the Northwold Hunt."

Giles Fenwick, who was regarded by everyone as "senior" farmer in the Country, rose.

"Mr. Chairman, my Lords and Gentlemen," he said, "I should like to second his Lordship's motion. I've not had the pleasure of seeing Mr. Meredith since his accession to the estate, or since his arrival here;

but I remember him well as a boy, when he used to stay with the old Master and come out hunting on a pony. No one bred as he is could fail to make a Master of whom the Country would be proud. Speaking for the farmers of the Country, Mr. Chairman, I can assure you that it would be our pleasure to support the new Master in every possible way."

The Chairman put the motion and the Meeting unanimously voted in favour of it. Lord Nevers left the platform and reappeared an instant later with Jack. His entrance was greeted with cheers, and before he could even voice his thanks for his reception, old Giles Fenwick had begun the ancient tune "For He's a Jolly Good Fellow". As the County paper said the next day his election was received "with musical honours". When the applause had died down, Jack, stepping to the front of the platform, said:—

"Mr. Chairman, my Lords and Gentlemen; it is with mixed feelings that I speak to you this afternoon—mixed because, while I am proud to accept the honour of having been elected Master, I am sad when I think that my Uncle, who was your Master for so many years, has gone from among us. Although I am unknown to many of you, I hope that there are still some here who remember me as a little boy; for my earliest recollections are of the sport I had behind the hounds which are now kennelled at Northesk Park, where I was blooded by the present Huntsman's father, Tom Fowler, more than forty years ago. Since those days I have wandered far, and ridden behind the hounds of many lands, but always my heart has longed for the day when I could return to the Northwold Country and hear a Fowler blow a Northwold pack away again.

"I haven't seen my Uncle—your old Master—for a long time, and until a few days ago, I had not the faintest idea that the property which I have always held so dear was to be mine, or that I was to have the chance of carrying on the work he has done so well. Even when I learned that the hounds had been left to me, I felt that perhaps the Hunt Committee would feel that it was best that some more experienced outsider be offered the Mastership, and I told your Chairman—Sir Clifford Pember—that if this were so I should be glad to lend the hounds to the country for as long as they might wish. But now I learn that you want me for your Master—and I can only say that I am proud to accept the honour and that I shall do my best to maintain the high average of sport

which has been set by my predecessor.

"When I learned a few days ago that the Committee intended to nominate me for the Mastership, I visited the kennels so that I might familiarize myself with the pack and the breeding policy which has been followed. I have not hunted here in recent years; but I have heard much of the high quality of the sport which you have had and it will be my earnest endeavour to keep up that standard. We've got a wonderful pack of hounds in the kennels—a pack of which any Master might be proud—I need say nothing of your Huntsman, you all know him—and I can merely add that your new Master will do his best to maintain the standard for which Northwold has always been famous.

"I want you to remember that I'm a stranger here and that, although many of your faces are familiar, I do not know your names. I hope, when we meet in the field, you will remember this and will forgive me if I am sometimes unable to call you by name. I hope, too, that I shall have the pleasure of greeting you all at our Puppy Show, which I propose to hold a little later in this month, and perhaps you will be interested to learn that a famous American Master, with whom I hunted in his own Country across the Atlantic, and your old friend, Robert Westcott, who began his hunting career here as Puppy Boy many

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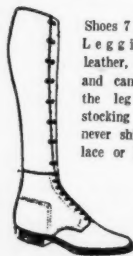
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# Hot Tip And The Squire

By Samuel J. Henry

"One day I am at the little half-mile track in Maryland," says the program seller as he enjoyed a beer at the cook house "and I am thinkin' what a nice thing it is to be alive, with a few bucks to bet and the horses so sleek and beautiful.

"All of the old families are on hand; some racin' their own horses and some bettin' on 'em, and pickaninnies and hound dogs lying around under the trees near the barns.

"Among the bettin' crowd is a tall, grey-haired gent named Squire Chase. The Squire's an old fox hunter and planter, and he's up for the races, along with his chauffeur, an eighteen-year-old negro named Jeff.

"Then there's another guy, a little rat-faced tout called Hot Tip because he always has a 'hot horse' to tell you about. And if the horse loses, Hot Tip comes up with another hot one for the next race.

"Now this Hot Tip is what they call a rustler and his main occupation is to learn all about hot horses, after which he must find somebody to bet on 'em. But the track 'Dicks' take a low view of guys like Hot Tip, as not being good for improvin' the breed, and often escort 'em to the gate and give 'em a kick in the pants towards the outside.

"I've followed The Squire (he gave me a dollar for his program) for the first four races, because he looks like he knows horses from 'way back yonder, but all I get from his selections is four duds.

"Then I fall for Hot Tip's hot horses and it's three more worthless tickets. At that point all my money's gone. But I don't blame nobody, because a fellow must look out for himself, not only at a race track, but everywhere else.

"Anyway, I am in the paddock where they're saddlin' the horses for the last race and The Squire and Hot Tip are there too. The old gent is sick and tired of Hot Tip's guff because Hot Tip's been pesterin' him all day and The Squire has refused to bet any of his horses.

"It's the last race and Hot Tip's sure in need of a patron, and he's toutin' a horse named Centurion, at a big price, offerin' to go fifty-fifty on the gravy if The Squire will put up the money. 'Nothing doin', says The Squire. 'I've bet on Marse Robert and I'm not changin' for anybody.

"The jocks are beginnin' to climb into the saddles and this here Centurion has an idea he wants to bolt, and slams out at his guinea. That starts a commotion in which The Squire is pushed and shoved around by the crowd and loses his Panama hat. Centurion doesn't get anywhere with his rough stuff, only bruises his guinea about the legs, and all the horses leave for the track. Somebody

hands The Squire his hat and he and Jeff go out to watch the race. It's six furlongs and pretty soon the horses are in the startin' stalls.

"After a short delay the starter sends 'em on their way, Red Cap on top, Marse Robert second by a neck, closely followed by Tippler, Centurion, Black Tom and Schooner.

"In the back stretch it's Marse Robert in front, Red Cap second and the rest close up. Comin' into the home stretch Red Cap moves up to Marse Robert. Centurion gets the bat and responds gamely. Tippler's movin' too, and huggin' the rail. Centurion's boy pushes him even with Red Cap and Marse Robert, but this here Tippler horse, comin' like a hawk after quail, crashes through at the wire and wins by a nose.

"'Well, Jeff,' said the old gent, 'Hot Tip was wrong again—Centurion didn't make it. Neither did Marse Robert. Guess I'm slippin'. A whole day's racin' without a winner."

"'Naw, you ain't slippin', Boss,' replied the boy. 'Just an off day.'

"'How much you lose, Jeff?' asked The Squire. 'I promised to make you some money today and I haven't done it.'

"'Twenty dollars will cover it all, Suh,' said Jeff.

"'The Squire reached for his wallet. It wasn't there.

"'I've been robbed!' he exclaimed. 'Somebody got a cool hundred.'

"'Hot Tip's the guy!' said Jeff. 'Lemme look around and maybe I can catch him.'

"'Not a chance,' snapped the old gent. 'I'll report the theft as I go out.'

"So Jeff brings the big maroon car to the entrance and when The Squire get in there's a fifty dollar mutuel ticket and a note on the floor. The Squire reads the note.

"'Can you beat that!' he chuckles. 'Hot Tip didn't like the way Centurion looked goin' to the post—said the horse appeared short—so instead of bettin' on him he switched to Tippler. Go in and get the money, Jeff, and tell those Dicks in there that I found my wallet. After all, Hot Tip will be wantin' to cash his ticket too. He offered to go fifty fifty, and fifty fifty it shall be!

"So Jeff goes in and collects fifteen hundred smackers. Tippler paid thirty to one—and The Squire gives Jeff forty dollars and they shove off.

"Well, I'm at the track next day sellin' programs again and I ask Hot Tip how he makin' out with his fifteen hundred.

"'Sunk it all in a crap game,' he said. 'But, lissen, Buddy, I got a hot horse comin' up in the first today all right.'"

## Treweryn Beagles

February Fixtures

18th Radnor Hunt 3:00 P. M.

25th General Green Inn 3:00 P. M.

Hounds will also go out on Mon. Feb. 12th and Thurs. Feb. 22nd. For further information, phone Malvern 2136-W. S. Stockton White, Acting Master.

## Big Pebble's First Get

The first "get" of Big Pebble are now learning their racing ABCs in the Hialeah ace Course horse kindergarten. There are two juveniles by the 1941 Widener Winner in the Circle M Barn here, one a colt named Pebble's Habit, out of Old Habit, and the other, a filly called Miss Pebble, out of New Flower.



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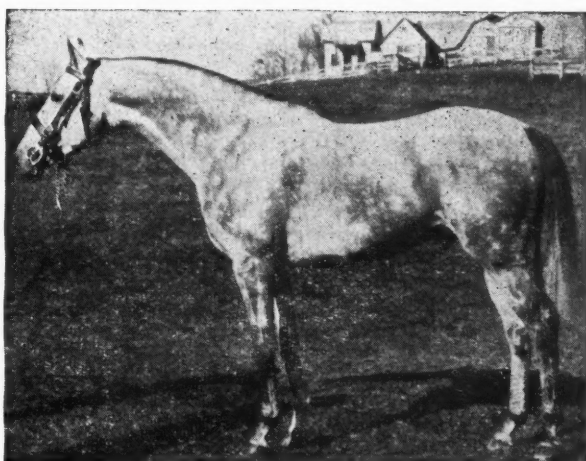
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THELLUSSON'S first crop were 2-year-olds of 1944. The only one to start is NEAT AND TIDY, winner of 4 races and twice 2nd in 10 outings through October.

THELLUSSON started 24 times, winning 4 and twice 2nd.

His sire, GALLANT FOX was out of the money only once in 17 outings at 2 and 3 years old. He won 11 races and \$328,165, including the Kentucky Derby, Belmont, Preakness, etc. GALLANT FOX has been 4th on the list of American sires in two seasons.

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## The Chronicle

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Communications should be accompanied by the writer's name and address, along with any pen name desired. THE CHRONICLE requests correspondents to write on one side of a sheet of paper, and when addressing THE CHRONICLE, not to direct the letter in the name of an Editor, as this may cause delay. All Editorial communications should be mailed to Berryville, Virginia.

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## Editorials

### HORSE SHOWS JOIN RACING

To all exhibitors and spectators has come the word that horse shows are now on the banned list. To the sportsmen throughout the country, this has come as an added blow, but like the spirit in which the racing people responded, the horse show sportsmanship will likewise come to the front.

Most of the larger shows have already been discontinued for the duration but many smaller ones have come into being with the added interest in show ring activities. Our early conception of this latest ban is that the shows which draw entries from a distance are definitely out. The local shows will have to make application for a permit to the Office of Defense Transportation and prove beyond a doubt that entries will not be brought to the show in vans or by train. Only after a thorough investigation by the O. D. T. will such shows be issued a permit and then only if they qualify as a purely local one.

While the contributions from horse shows to the war effort will not run into millions, they have done what they could. Proceeds of shows have gone to charities and awards have been made in war stamps and bonds. There could be no manpower shortage because of shows, as anyone could witness during the past season. Formerly when a jump was knocked down, it had hardly fallen before two or three men rushed to put it up, at least two men looking out for each jump. Now, sometimes even the judges have to give a hand, but the delay wasn't minded. The programs have not been so elaborate during the past several seasons and the committees have been doing a great deal of the work instead of paying other people to do it. The whole idea was to keep the shows going until the present crisis is over.

There are many people who have been making preparations for the 1945 season and now that good 2-year-old will have to stay put until the ban is lifted before he can enter the ring to prove his worth. That 3-year-old which won last year and was headed for a brilliant new year, will have to wait. All of the conformation hunters, working hunters, open jumpers, etc., will have to turn in performances hacking around the ring at the stable or in the fields.

To the new owners who started showing last season or had planned to start this year, it will be a great disappointment not to be able to make the trial. However, along with the tried and true sportsmen of the horse show ring, they will have to stay on the side lines until the ban is lifted.

Horse shows offer fine competition among sporting people and regardless of the changes that have come about over the period of years, the same spirit of showing one's best against another's best, still remains. Each year someone tries to bring out the best in each division of a show and works for the entire season, never letting up until the last class of the year has been called. From the hunter division, many of the horses give their owners good days with hounds during the winter, then are rested prior to the showing season. Then back to the show ring again.

The horse shows have done what they could in the past and the people behind them will accept the ban with the idea of continuing their support to the war effort.

## Letters to the Editor

### Somewhere In Italy

Dear Editor:

The news of the ban on horse racing came as a disappointment to us although it was not unexpected. Horsemen are fortunate that it did not come sooner and I hope that conditions will warrant its lifting before long. The effect on prices, breeding and sales remain to be seen. The meagre news that we have been able to get of racing and show events in the States has been the only connecting link between men overseas and the happenings of the turf. The Chronicle is doing an excellent job of reporting the news of horsemen, horsewomen and horses.

Of especial interest to me have been the columns devoted to "Texas Notes". Being from College Station, Texas and breeding Thoroughbreds on a small scale before the war, I am trying to keep abreast of what the Thoroughbred breeders in the State are doing. Since I have two small children, I hope to create more interest in my community in the Junior activities after the war. I wish more people would contribute to the Junior Page of The Chronicle as I have gotten several good ideas from that page in the past.

While in Rome recently, I went to the harness races at the Hippodrome Villa Glori. A large crowd was out and everyone was clamoring around the ticket windows for the ten lire (10 cents) tickets. The horses were fine specimens and the seven race card was run on schedule with the minimum of delay. No false starts or pari-mutuel machines were in evidence. As yet there has been no flat racing in liberated Italy. It seems that the Germans took most of the gallopers, however there is an abundance of trotters left. I have been told by horsemen hereabouts that there is usually some hunting activity around Turin and Milan, but of course it looks like we will not get there this season.

I saw Capt. Buddy Ward in Rome. He is getting on fine, but we all lament the fact that the cavalry has been de horsed. I have visited racing establishments at Naples, Rome, Grosseto, and Florence and they all show signs of better days as they are being used by the military at the present time. I believe that a greater percentage of the people here use the horse as a means of transportation than in the United States and for that reason the Italians as a nation are enthusiastic about their horses. As a general rule the horse is well cared for here, occupying the ground floor of the owner's dwelling.

When I was farther south last summer I visited the site where Major Bill Slisler formerly of the Cavalry School at Fort Riley, Kansas now has his remount squadron located. He has an ideal situation as the breeding farm was under the control of the Italian Minister of War prior to Italy's withdrawal from the war. The farm is situated in a beautiful grove of large shade trees. All the buildings are painted red. Each barn is named for a province or township of Italy. The training tracks, rail fences, and familiar odors make any cavalryman envy such an assignment. The primary function of the remount squadron in Italy is to condition and handle pack mules for the mountain pack outfits. The mules are hearty little beasts, being locally purchased. When they come back from the

front they look pretty well done for but after the remount boys doctor up their backs, feed and care for them properly, and give them a new set of shoes they are ready to carry more rations, ammunition and clothing to the men doggedly slugging it out in the tough, muddy mountains of Italy. The men who started these remount outfits started from scratch with no equipment or supplies. Yet today they are pretty well outfitted with tack; however one may see an African officer riding a North African Horse, with an Italian saddle, an English bridle, and a German bit and leading a mule train that may have originated in Sicily, Sardinia or Corsica.

The men who are fortunate enough to be in remount work are doing a fine job with the animals and take a great pride in their work. Lt. Charlie Waring, breeder of polo ponies at San Angelo, Texas before the war is assigned to a comparable unit commanded by Major Lafayette ex-15th Cavalry.

Recently I saw Capt. Tom White, prominent polo player of Long Island. He is in command of a Company and although his work is not with horses, he is doing a splendid job as are all the ex-cavalrymen who have been put on every type of job in the Army. Another officer in the Battalion with Capt. White is Capt. Pugh who was at Fort Riley with us in 1942.

One of my most prized souvenirs from Italy is a hunting horn which is two feet long and came off one of the "Bufali" bulls for which Italy is famous. Some of these animals have fine sets of horns and a six-foot spread from tip to tip is not unusual.

Best wishes to The Chronicle and its readers for 1945.

Sidney L. Loveless, Major Cavalry  
Hq. 18th Bn. APO 532  
c-o PM New York, N. Y.

### Country Place Wanted

Dear Editor:

I am interested in learning that you are opening a real estate service and wish to advise that I am a prospect for a well located country place in Maryland or Virginia, and should be glad to see the details, including photos, of places that are for sale.

I enjoy The Chronicle and look forward to its arrival every Saturday.

Yours truly,  
Edward T. Merry

February 8, 1945  
Demopolis, Alabama

### Salvator's Tribute

Dear Editor:

Thrilled was our entire staff of fifteen photographers to read the excellent tribute paid by "Salvator" to the photograph of Out To Sea by Canada's leading horse photographer, brilliant 25-year-old Geraldine Carpenter.

No ground-bound camera ace is she. An able rider, out for a daffy ride on Mount Royal (even at 11 below zero the other day) she has studied the anatomy of horses, knows every breed by sight, and knows all the positions to photograph them in. She is particularly expert on jumping shots. Believe it or not she took 1,100 horse pictures in Canada during the past year—and The Chronicle has published nearly

Continued on page Seventeen



## Irish Horse Notes

By Neil C. Collins

### BOOM IN IRISH BLOODSTOCK FARM SALES

There is an old saying which goes something like this: "Tis an ill wind that doesn't blow somebody good."

The ill wind of war which has blown sadness and desolation to the world, and has blighted the cheer in many Irish homes because of loved ones killed and maimed on British battlefronts, has also paradoxically brought in its destructive wake a refreshing breeze to the Irish sporting countryside in the guise of a miniature real estate boom.

Imagine! A real estate boom in the old green Eire of the dashing horsemen, the dark-eyed colleens and the poetic mystics who claim their motherland to be "half as old as time".

A little more than five years of war, which inevitably imposes a stand-still order on most commodities, finds representatives of foreign interests in Ireland buying outright or renting on long leases, every available residence that has stabling for a few horses; and real estate agents are scouring the country in search of more.

Foreign buyers are paying all kinds of fancy prices for any stabled premises they can get, which has a few acres of pasture land where they can keep a couple of brood mares. This is partly due to the fact that Irish yearlings fetched such phenomenal prices during the season of 1944 at Doncaster, Newmarket and Dublin sales. These youngsters were the progeny of such sires as Windsor Lad, Knight of the Garter, Dastur, Nearco, Chateau Bouscaut, Phano-rana, Stardust, Turkhan, et al.

Prices ranging as high as \$60,000 were paid in some instances. These facts have made British Islanders, and the sporting fraternity of Europe generally, conscious of the possibilities of bloodstock breeding in Ireland, and many are going in for it in a big way.

With every available inch of ground in the war-torn countries utilized for war emergency, the horse fraternity who wish to stock their depleted breeding and stud farms, are naturally turning their attention to neutral Eire.

(Incidentally, for the information of Irish and Irish-American readers of The Chronicle, and for others who have hunted over the Irish and English countryside and have acquired a love and admiration for the sporting people of both islands, I wish to state that, although the policy of the government of Eire has been one of the strict neutrality, nevertheless there are practically half million Irish men and women from south of the six county border taking active parts in both the fighting and the production end of the war on the British front, and Irish casualties have been proportionately heavy.)

Prominent Dublin real estate firms, or auctioneers and valuers as they call them over there, are kept busy answering enquiries from potential cross-channel buyers who require properties suitable for stud farms, residences with ample stabling, ready made gallops, etc., and they have particularly requested residences in good hunting districts.

An internationally famous English jockey has his eye on a large stud farm in the Emerald Isle, and McVey from Scotland, who figured so promi-

nently as a buyer at the Dublin sales in August, has purchased a large residence in Blackrock, outside Dublin. Many European sportsmen have realized that Ireland will be, for some time to come, the only European country which will provide ample sport, as she now provides fascinating and lucrative possibilities for breeding ventures.

The number of good sires in Ireland is adequate, and she is not lacking in the best of high class brood mares. Irish breeders, however, are determined not to stand back and let the initiative be taken away from them. Although they realize that the barometer of Ireland's breeding industry has always been her export market, they have taken steps to see to it that the country will not be drained of her best Thoroughbred blood. Many big Irish breeders like Joseph McGrath, David Frame, A. P. Reynolds, etc., have purchased additional stud farms. Many sires standing at these stud farms have full lists for the 1945 season. These breeders are going to see to it that the country is kept well stocked.

Residences adjacent to prominent hunt meets are very much in demand for seasonal renting although many of them have been bought outright. Because of war-time restrictions imposed on the British hunt, many huntsmen from the "tight little isle" are breezing over to Ireland to hunt with their favourite packs, and incidentally, to pick up a good steak or two at the Dolphin, Jamet's or the Shelbourne, because Ireland has retained plenty of foodstuffs at home. Apparently the only scarce commodity there is tea, and they manage to get along somehow without it.

The influx of visitors has made Irish foxhunting keener than usual which is saying a lot considering the fact that Ireland is the home of the hunt.

To give Chronicle readers an idea of a week's hunting meets throughout Ireland, I will take them numerically day by day.

On one recent Saturday, for instance, eighteen of the biggest packs in the country were out, with at least seven meets adjacent to Dublin. Sunday, one. Monday, eleven. Tuesday, sixteen. Wednesday, thirteen. These figures make up a total of eighty-three packs of harriers, stag hounds and foxhounds active throughout Ireland in one week. What a huntsman's paradise! It is a rather strange fact that with all this hunting, foxes and hares have never been as plentiful in Ireland as they are at the present time. It is nothing unusual for a pack to draw as many as four foxes on a day's hunt. Irish sportsmen will tell you, with that merry twinkle in the eye, so characteristic of the Celt, that the foxes enjoy the hunt as much as the dogs, the horses and the followers of the hounds. At a recent meet the Louth hounds drew six foxes; two were killed after short runs, three got away and the sixth was taken after a great hunt of an hour and a half.

When the clouds of war roll by, Ireland will have contributed her share towards keeping up the morale of the war-weary sporting fraternity of the British Isles. The future is bright, and in days to come we hope that many old-timers and new-comers will combine to foster Ireland's most romantic and ancient industry.

### New England Champs Presented Awards At Horsemen's Banquet

New England's Horsemen's Banquet, held at Hotel Kimball, Springfield, Massachusetts, January 27th, was highly successful—close to 300 attending and over 75 requests for reservations a week before had to be turned down because of capacity being sold out.

David W. Roberts, chairman and originator, and Marilyn Carlson, secretary, were voted into office again to carry on and hold another banquet next winter, conditions permitting, and location and date are to be decided on later.

The 1944 New England champions and reserve champions were named and awards made to the various owners. In the hunter and jumper divisions, Bert E. Bowen of Waterbury, Connecticut had the champion in the former division, Light Lad, with his Happy Creek reserve champion.

Prof. I. L. Winters of West Haven, Connecticut had the champion and

reserve in the jumper division in Easy Winner Jr. and Watch Me.

Such banquets do lots of good toward promoting good fellowship and there seemed to be plenty of that overflowing from the "Fountain of Youth Room", etc.



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ESTABLISHED 1875

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## NORTH WALES STUD

Warrenton

Virginia



### \*BAHRAM

Fee \$2,500, No Return  
(Book Full)

Br., 1932, by Blandford—Friar's Daughter, by Friar Marcus.

Unbeaten as a racehorse. Winner of the 2000 Guineas, Derby, St. Leger, etc. Six of \*Bahram's first crop of eight foals were winners, including 5 stakes winners. Bura, a stakes winner, was from his second crop winners. His third crop produced eleven winners, including five stakes winners. From his fourth crop came the stakes winners Extravagance and Persion Gulf.

### \*CHRYSLER II

Fee \$350, With Return

Br., 1931, by \*Teddy—Quick Change, by Hurry On

Stakes winner in both England and France, winner of Salisbury Cup, Alexandria Handicap, Babraham Stakes, Durham Handicap, etc. \*Chrysler II's first American crop raced as 2-year-olds this year and include the winners Ellis and East.

### HEAD PLAY

Fee, \$350, With Return

Ch., 1930, by My Play—Red Head, by King Gorin

Winner of Preakness, Suburban Handicap, etc., and \$109,313 in stakes. Sire of 62 winning sons and daughters of 250 races, including the stakes winner Tola Rose (which set a new track record of 1.56 4/5 in beating Whirlaway, Swing and Sway, etc.). Through September 30, 1944, Head Play sired 38 winners of 86 races and approximately \$84,790.00 including 6 2-year-old winners of 17 races and approximately \$19,460.00.

### \*HYPERIONION

Fee \$350, With Return

Ch., 1940, by Hyperion—\*Penicuk II, by Buchan

Full brother to Pensive, winner of Kentucky Derby, Preakness, etc., and \$167,715 in stakes. \*Hyperionion won at 2, also finished second in Saratoga Sales Stakes and third in Grand Union Hotel Stakes. He won at 4 and was unplaced only once at 3. His sire, Hyperion, led the English sire list 1940-41-42 and ranks high again this year. \*Hyperionion presents an excellent outcross for mares of American bloodlines.

### RAMILLIES

Fee \$350, With Return

B., 1939, by \*Blenheim II—Risky, by Diadumenos

Ramillies was a first-class race horse. At 2 he finished second to Devil Diver in the Sanford Stakes and fourth to Some Chance in the Futurity. He possessed both speed and stamina. At 5 he won at all distances up to 1 1/4 miles; finished second to \*Princequillo in the Merchants' and Citizens' Handicap, 1 3/16 miles, and fourth to First Fiddle in the Massachusetts Handicap.

All mares must be accompanied by a veterinarian's certificate showing freedom from contagious diseases, and all barren and maiden mares showing that they are free from infection and sound for breeding purposes.

Return is for one year providing mare proves barren

Return to be claimed by December 1, 1945

# 100 Years Ago, They Walked 'Em

By Fred Russell

Should the proposal of a spectacular, betless 1945 Kentucky Derby gain governmental approval, it won't be for the simple reason that it would involve no extra use of manpower or transportation.

If that were the basis of decision, then conceivably there might be a similar staging of the Preakness, the Santa Anita Handicap, the American Derby and other fixtures.

Main point advanced in behalf of the Kentucky Derby is that the horses are or will be quartered in and around Louisville anyway and a private running of this historic event, uninterrupted since its inaugural in 1875, would be no more violation of the racing ban than an ordinary track workout.

From the Blue Grass farms and breeding establishments near Lexington, Paris, Versailles, etc., the top three-year-olds could be trucked to Churchill Downs. Might even hitch-hike.

And if there's an owner or trainer at New Orleans, St. Louis, Baltimore or even Miami who feels that he has a possible winner of the "private" Derby, he could go primitive, start now and walk the animal to Louisville. It has been done.

More than a hundred years ago, Nashville was the racing capital of America. Out there in the northeast section of the city, in the bend of the Cumberland River, was an annual race meeting attracting the best horses from all over the world.

"It was the counterpart of what the Royal Ascot is in England," wrote Charles B. Farmer in his book, "For Gold and Glory." "Every race was a stake. Besides the \$35,000 Peyton Produce Stakes, there was a \$17,000 Alabama Stakes and many others.

"In 1839, the close of the Nashville meeting found Wagner, a blazed-face chestnut, 15.2 high, as the top horse. There was one Kentucky horse Wagner had not met; Grey Eagle, a picture horse 16 hands high, with waving silver mane and flowing tail. A match race between the two was the natural order.

"It was advertised for September 30 on Louisville's Oakland course near the Indiana line. Wagner was quietly led up the road from Tennessee into Kentucky.

"To the loungers on the crossroads store porches, he was just another horse—going up.

"Louisville was almost as crowded that day as it is now when the Derby is about to be run.

"All Kentucky wagered on A. L. Shotwell's Grey Eagle. All Tennessee laid its money on John Campbell's Wagner. Visitors from other states were hard put to choose their favorite. Each horse was a champion in his own right.

"Wagner went out on the track and took the first 4-mile heat with ease. But the second heat was neck and neck with Wagner from Tennessee finally winning by a nose in 7:44; 'the best race ever run south of the Potomac,' said 'The Spirit of the Times.'

"Then began the march homeward. At the crossroads, people were waiting to see the blanketed horse led past. They knew him now. Wagner, in his short career, won fourteen races out of twenty, earning \$36,200. He stood at stud in Sumner County, Tennessee, for many years."

Walking a horse from Nashville to Louisville was just an outing in those

days.

Handed down through the years is the story that the great filly, Peytona, was walked from Nashville to New York for that famous North-South match race with Fashion on May 13, 1845.

I've never seen it in print that she actually did walk the 900-1,000 miles, but how else would a horse have made the trip?

At the time, Nashville had no railroad outlet. Travelers to Washington and other Eastern points went by stage coach. Any kind of horse-drawn wagon or vehicle wouldn't have suited a race horse.

Peytona could have gone by boat, but that would have necessitated a roundabout journey to Charleston or another Atlantic port.

The belief is that she walked.

The meeting between Peytona and Fashion at the Union Course on Long Island one hundred years ago was the race of the century.

Currier and Ives immortalized it in a colored lithograph, considered the finest race scene drawn during that period. Originals have brought thousands of dollars.

Fashion, an 8-year-old mare, had won 23 of 24 starts. Peytona, six years old, by Glencoe out of Giantess, was known by the name of Glumalditch when she won the rich Peyton Produce Stakes here, but immediately after the race her owners, Thomas and William Kirkman, lifted a glass and announced that the winner's name had been changed to Peytona honoring Balie Peyton, the man who had staged the richest horse race up to that day.

Both Fashion and Peytona had beaten the old record of 7:37 1-2 for four miles.

With a \$10,000 side bet agreed upon at a conference at the Astor House in New York the day before the race, stage coaches and steam boats brought thousands to the contest, some turf experts actually coming from England by vessel. The New York Tribune said 70,000 saw the race.

"A blanket could have covered the horses most of the first heat, Peytona winning by a length," Farmer records. "Barney Palmer was the jockey and Van Leer the trainer.

"In the second heat, Fashion took an early lead and was in front as they swung into the third lap. Then they see-sawed. The shouting thousands were witnessing something seldom seen on a track: two great champions so evenly matched that one could not pull away from the other.

"As they thundered down the home stretch, Peytona inched ahead and stayed there across the finish line to end what was called 'the most gallantly contested, as well as the more beautiful race ever seen in this country'."

Peytona, by the way, is buried at Keene Richards place near Georgetown, Ky., along with the renowned Glencoe.

They serve as just one monument to the golden days of Tennessee's reign as the cradle of the Thoroughbred—a reign that should never have ended.

If the efforts of men like Marcellus Frost, Edwin Warner, John Sloan and others connected with the Iroquois Memorial Steeplechase are rewarded, those days may return to Middle Tennessee, for here we have Blue Grass, limestone wat-

## CARROLL HOUNDS

East Chatham, New York.  
Recognized and Registered 1941.  
Established 1928.

Our season started on August 19 and, although winter descended upon us prematurely, we are able to look back on good hunting with a total of 38 days.

Foxes were plentiful and hounds always had something interesting to do. If there were no sensational runs, there were no blank days and everyone can look back on the season's proceedings with satisfaction.

Fields were small, as was inevitable, and consisted largely of young girls but we like to think that their enthusiasm will keep things going until V-Day. The best turn out was on September 23rd when a field, numbered in the early twenties, appeared for the opening of the regular season and the Annual Blessing of the Hounds.

The Will Strattons, formerly of Southern Pines, have taken up their abode with us. The Master hunted hounds with Will Stratton and Napier Smith, son of Captain Sydney Smith, as Honorary Whips. Pat Stratton piloted the Field without casualties to crops, livestock or riders.

The young ladies of the Emma Willard School began to hunt with us last season and we feel sure that they have enjoyed and profited by their experience as we have appre-

er, favorable climate—everything Kentucky has to offer.

As for the 1945 Derby, if they do run it, I believe a horse could be found willing to emulate Peytona and Wagner as a cross-country walker. Main problem would be finding some human to walk with the horse. —(The Nashville Banner).

ciated their support in these difficult times.

Under the competent guidance of Miss Jane Lawyer, Director of Physical Education of the school, the girls have been well mounted, well turned out and well behaved. Miss Dorothy Hosford of Cleveland and Miss Betsy Zerby have been outstanding and will hunt in the future all complete with our collar and buttons. The Misses Caroline Taylor, Mary Guale, Gail Boswell, Barbara Schmidt have all gone well and the diminutive Lois Sherman and Wendy Witherell have been conspicuous with their tiny bodies and stout hearts.

Continued on Page Nineteen

## 1945 Montpelier STALLIONS

### ANNAPOLIS

Br. h., 1926

by Man o'War—Panoply  
Private Contract

### BATTLESHIP

Ch. h., 1927

by Man o'War—\*Quarantine  
Fee: \$600

Apply

Wm. J. Lucas  
Montpelier Station, Virginia

## MILKMAN

(PROPERTY OF MRS. W. PLUNKET STEWART)

Will Make The Season of 1945 At  
THE PLAINS, VIRGINIA

MILKMAN br., 1927	Broomstick	Ben Brush	Bramble Roseville
	Cudgel	Elf	Giliard Sylvabelle
	Eugenia Burch	Ben Strome	Bend Or Strathfleet
		The Humber	Break Knife Keep Sake
	Peep o'Day	Ayrshire	Hampton Atlanta
	Milkmaid	Sundown	Springfield Sunshine
		Wagner	Prince Charlie Duchess of Malm
	Nell Olin	Black Sleeves	Sir Dixon Lake Breeze

MILKMAN'S record in the stud is outstanding. He has sired a VERY HIGH PERCENTAGE OF WINNERS FROM STARTERS, including the stakes winners Pastureized, Early Delivery, Buttermilk, Daily Delivery, Raylwyn, Galactic, Quizzle, etc.

His colts do well as 2-year-olds and yet are durable with many of his get running well at 5 and 6.

MILKMAN'S eight two-year-old winners of this year include Lively Man, Whetstone, Up In Time, Guernsey Isle, Five-Thirty, Sea Raft, Milkstone and Spring Dell out of ten starters.

Mares must have satisfactory veterinary certificate

Fee \$300—Return

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THE PLAINS, VA.



## SEWICKLEY HUNT

(Photos Courtesy Charlotte Lyon)

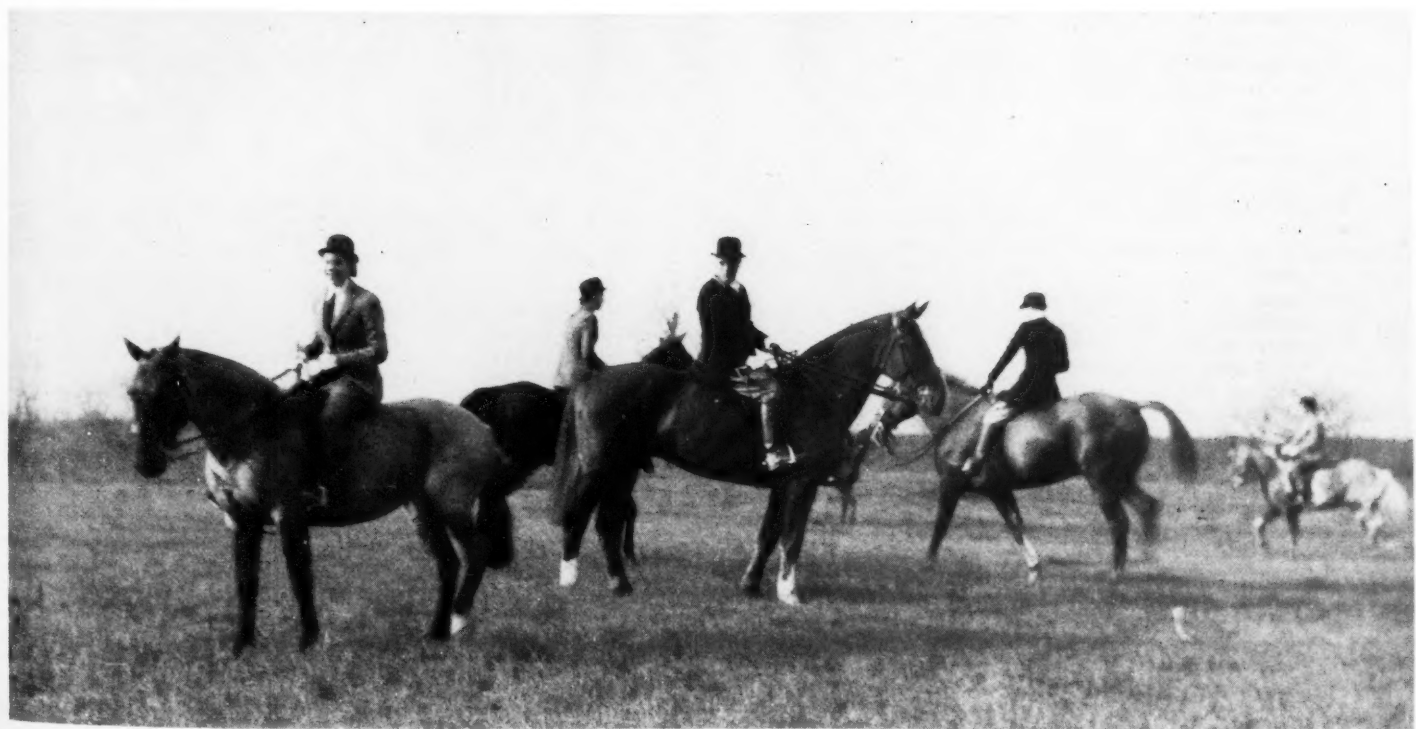


Acting Joint-Master F. E. Richardson, Jr., and Huntsman William Liverton of Sewickley Hunt, Sewickley, Pennsylvania. This hunt was established in 1922 and recognized in 1924. The kennels at Little Sewickley Creek house 25 couple American hounds.

Huntsman Liverton and hounds at the meet.



Junior members wait for the hunt to start.



A small part of the field moving around until everyone arrives.

## HUNTING WITH MIDDLEBURG

(Photos by Thomas Darling)



A clear, bright day with Middleburg Hunt as the field moves off through a woodland. Joint-Masters are Miss Charlotte H. Noland and Mr. D. C. Sands.



An opposite day, damp and foggy but quite a few members brave the elements for the day's sport. On such an occasion, the grey horses in the field make a better photographer's subject than the chestnuts, bays, browns and blacks.



# Notes From Great Britain

By J. Fairfax-Blakeborough

## To Understand A People One Must Study Their Lore, Legends And Customs

It has been said with truth that to understand a people you must first study their lore, legends and customs. This applies just as much to counties as to countries, and even to sub-divisions of counties. Varying topographical and social conditions have no small influence on the manners, customs, outlook and speech of the inhabitants within certain areas. Those amid the hills, those in the flat lowlands, and those born and bred on the seaboard, all have distinct idiosyncrasies and personalities. Those whose homes are most remote, and who live close to the soil differ materially and psychologically from their own kinsfolk who, a generation ago maybe, migrated to town life, or to such close proximity that they have become, what country folk describe as "townified".

In this connection it is interesting to note that although some of the younger generation, who are consciously "countryfied", have an inward feeling of "inferiority complex", nevertheless, they use the term "townified", in a disparaging sense. One frequently hears ruralists make excuses, such as, "Aye, whya, you can't expect mich—he's nobbut a towney, efther all!" Those from the towns affect an air of superiority, sympathy and patronage when speaking of, and dealing with those from the villages, Wolds, and dales. The village, Wolds, and dales-folk admit the readier repartee, speedier brain-working, quicker action, and greater polish of those who spend their lives herded together in rows of town terraces and streets, but shrewdly sum it up as, "They're all the same-like peas in a pod, they have fine toon waays, a lot o' tongue-scraping and show off". But the fact remains that the old contempt of veneer, and the old pride in being "nattural", is quickly giving place to emulation of that veneer. This is destroying the very character, distinctiveness and rugged robustness, which was once so markedly theirs. One sees it on every hand, although there are places yet little touched by the destructive hand of time.

### Old Time Farm Women

Nowadays far fewer farm hands are employed than in my young days, and only a small percentage "live in" with their employer. The reason for this is that the long established precept, "a farmer should always marry a lass who can and will milk; who knows how to use a pitchfork and rake; and who is not above serving calves and waiting on stock", has become a dead letter. Young men on the land have gone far afield to dances and other "do's", and at them have met, fallen in love with, courted and wed, girls with no country background, and no real love of country life. Some of them decline from the outset to have anything to do with the "outside" economy and business of a farm, or to have men and lads eating and sleeping in the house.

This has entirely altered the old regime, and is partly responsible for rural youths having drifted to the towns. When they are old enough to leave school, even if they

are not anxious to be away from crowded cottages in the village, they certainly do not wish to have to walk or cycle two or three miles along muddy lanes and muddier field-roads in the darkness of winter mornings and evenings to and from a distant farm. I have heard farmers express regret when the first of their offspring are girls. They quite plainly say, "I want summat 'at can ploo", and those of us who felt the pulse of the old type of agriculturist, can recall that in looking for a wife they sought also a "working partner" on the land. As the old dialect rhyme frankly puts it:

Ah laa a lass' at ho'ds 'at muck wants shifting  
'At weean't let arran-webs kep dust,  
An' dizzen't eat while rifting.  
She mun wesh and' kern, an' deea her wark while singing;  
She mun ho'd a ploo, scrub, mangle, sew,  
And keep a swipple swinging.

After all this is but a rhyme recapitulation of what Sir Anthony Fitzherbert wrote in his "Book of Husbandrie", published 1523:

"It is a wyve's office to wynnowe all manner of cornes, make malte, washe and wrynge, make haye, shere corne; and in time of need, to help her husband to fyll the muck wayne, dryve the plough, to loade haye, corne, and such other."

There was a common witticism amongst farmers when I was a boy—"them what eat's t'maist pudding gits t'maist meat". Then (as still at some farms) a substantial suet—or Yorkshire-pudding was served to hungry lads to take the edge off their appetities before the master carved the big joint of beef, or roast of mutton. They lived well those farmers of half a century ago, and were the embodiment of hospitality. The hungry, hitherto not too well fed country lads who came to "live in", to "sow, and mow, and reap and hoe, and be a farmer's boy", did not "shame their table" when they got to one of these "good meat houses". Their stomachs might be described by "the mistress" as "bottomless pits", but they did not "put good meat intiv a bad skin", thriving rather like "good doers". This, despite long hours and hard work;—hours so long that a story is told of one farmer who, when urging his men to "git ti bed", remarked, "He was a cleverer feller what invented darkness; coz if there was neea darkness there's be neea bed here".

### Farmhouse Baking

The Rev. M. C. F. Morris recalled both the lavish table provision, and the hard work of master, mistress, man and maid, when he "spoke thus of a typical farm in early Victorian days:

"Fourteen men were employed; and they had in all about twenty in family. They kept only two female servants, one an experienced woman, the other a strong girl, who had to milk five or six cows every day and assist in the harvest-field and other out-door work, her wage being from £5 to £6 a year. They had to wash all the men's clothing at the farmhouse. The quantity of food consumed was enormous. They would bake forty "standing pies" together once or twice a week; these were made of meat in winter, fat mutton being commonly used, and fruit in summer. Eight stone of flour and one stone of bacon would be used, and a sheep killed every week. Work would begin at 6 a. m. with ploughing, and they did not "loose out" till 4 p. m. "Down-dinner" was eaten at noon at the plough-tail; this meal was carried in a cloth in the

lads' pockets. At a busy time women would come to work from the neighbouring village (three miles away); they only received a shilling a day, and had to "meat themselves". Wold lads made longer days than the low-country lads. They would be up at 4 a. m., and would often be threshing with the horse-machine two hours before breakfast. These horse-machines used to have six or eight horses. On washing days the women would often be up at 1 a. m."

The reference to a sheep being killed every week reminds me of a once popular story of a "farm lad". It ran like this, and will serve as a specimen of the dialect:

"Yah spot Ah wer at a coo deed an' t'maister sent me ti t'toon fer a bag o' saut (salt), an' we sauted her doon. Then an awd yow deed, an' t'maister send me fer some mair saut, an' we sauted t'yow doon ti ceat at t'back-end when flesh meat wer scarce. Then t'mistress deed an' t'maister telled me ti gan fer some mair saut. Ah set off bud Ah nivver went back. That wor a bit ower mich."

### Original Of Greyhound and Coursing

Not unnaturally the wide open spaces of E. Yorks and Cumbrian wold-land was most popular in the early days of coursing. Moreover it is claimed that here some of the best greyhounds of early days were bred from indigenous stock, originally used for hunting and destroying wolves. Major Edward Topham, of Wold Cottage, Thwing (1750-1820), did much to bring greyhounds and coursing in the north into prominence. He was the son of Francis Topham, L. L. D., of York, Master of the Faculties and Judge of the Pre-rogative Court; whose eldest daughter married Sir Griffith Boynton,

6th Bart. Edward was in the Guards, and did so much to enhance the regiment that he was known as "The Tip Top Adjutant".

After a varied career—theatrical, literary and of "amours", he returned to the Wolds where, says a contemporary writer, "he settled down as a Justice of the Peace, a country squire, a sportsman and a farmer. As a sportsman he became exceedingly popular, especially in coursing; his kennels being considered the best in England, and his greyhound "Snowball", famous for his exploits, as celebrated in Mackintosh's "Driffild Angler", was eagerly sought after for breeding purposes".

Malton, Driffild, Market Weighton, and the Wolds had their coursing clubs before the days of Maj. Topham, but he seems to have brought them into the limelight—especially coursing on the Wolds. So great was the fame of "Snowball" and so much a local hero, that not only were farm horses named "Snowball" all over the East Riding, but some children of that period (and later) were so christened. It was the

Continued on Page Sixteen

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VIRGINIA

# Horsemen's News-



## Fans Discuss Pavot And Free For All As 3-Year-Olds

Even the suspension of racing has not stopped fans from discussing such questions as "What chance would Pavot and Free For All have of continuing their undefeated status as 3-year-olds?" According to past history, the chances of either one remaining undefeated are slim. For instance, in 1886, the 2-year-old division produced three of the best horses of the American turf, namely, Tremont, Hanover and Kingston. Tremont was, undoubtedly, one of the greatest 2-year-olds ever developed in this country. In that year, he won thirteen consecutive races without ever being extended. In the same year, Hanover, another truly great, won all three of his starts, but this pair, both belonging to the Dwyer Brothers, did not meet except in trials. In the winter months, however, there was considerable speculation as to the outcome if the two should clash as 3-year-olds. That meeting never came about for Tremont went amiss and never raced again. With Tremont out, Hanover became the "big horse" in the Dwyer Stable and proceeded to win fourteen of the most valuable stakes of the Metropolitan season before the merciless use made of him brought about his defeat.

There have been quite a few undefeated 2-year-olds which could not hold that status at three. In 1893, Domino, "The Black Whirlwind", won all nine of his starts only to meet defeat in the American Derby in his second start the next year at three. Sarazen won all ten of his starts at two, but was beaten in his very first start the following year. Top Flight won all seven of her starts in 1931, but in her debut at three, the Wood Memorial, she was out of the money.

Colin was one of the few horses never defeated. As a 2-year-old, in 1907, he won twelve consecutive races, including The Futurity, and, the following year, he won three races. Colin was then retired, one of the best horses ever seen on the American turf. During the past seventy years, it is doubtful if any horse had a more remarkable record than the immortal Hindoo. As a 2-year-old, in 1880, he won his first seven starts and then lost his form in his last two starts of the year. Coming out as a 3-year-old, he scored nineteen consecutive victories, but, as in the year before, lost his last two races. Then, as a 4-year-old, he reversed the process by running second in his first start, and then winning five in a row. In three seasons, he had started thirty-six times, winning thirty-one and was never finishing out of the money.

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## 249 Nominations For 1945 California Breeders' Stakes

Two hundred and forty-nine 2-year-olds and 337 yearlings foaled in California have been nominated respectively for the 1945 and 1946 California Breeders' Champion Stakes, which served as the opening day feature at Santa Anita Park before racing was interrupted over three years ago.

The large number of young Thoroughbreds is evidence of the progressive growth and development of California's important breeding industry, which was successfully revived a little over ten years ago and has been hard pressed during the war. Breeding farms throughout the State are presented by the stakes prospects, whose training and schooling is being carried forward to be in readiness to make their racing debuts when the sport is permitted.

For the renewal of the Champion Stakes, which the breeders hope will take place the latter part of this year, Louis B. Mayer led the nominees with 18, 13 being by his Australian sire, Beau Pere. Charles S. Howard named 13 Seabiscuit youngsters and four others. War Glory was well represented among the 12 lined up by Alice M. Hansbrough.

Harry N. Isenberg, President of the California Breeders Association, has 11 juveniles by his sires Justice F., Iron Hills and Wild Chicle. Bing Crosby also put in eleven by Don Mike and Ligaroti. Loma Rica Rancho's Time Supply, Carleton F. Burke's Soon Over, D. P. Davis' Hollyrood, Dr. Chester L. Wilson's Bargello, Harry M. Warner's Special Agent, Edwin Janss' Boxthorn and A. A. Baroni's Top Row are among the prominent sires represented.

The Champion Stakes have not been run since 1940. Nomination and eligibility payments were kept up on the last four renewals that had to be cancelled. The 1944 Stakes had \$25,000 added with prospects of \$38,000 gross, which would have been recorded as the richest ever offered for California-bred 2-year-olds.

## Annual United Hunts Membership Fees Due

The 1945 Annual Dues of the United Hunts Racing Association are due, the dues amounting to \$25.00, plus 20% Federal Tax of \$5.00.

The Directors have decided that if the United Hunts Racing Association does not hold a Race Meeting in 1945, those Members who have paid their 1945 Dues shall have their Membership continued through the year 1946 without further payment of dues.

The United Hunts has never been in a stronger financial position than now but wants to keep its Membership intact owing to the fact that they have helped out financially, other Hunt Race Meetings in the past and it is their plan to continue this in the future when possible for the benefit of steeplechasing and racing in general.

Over 80% of the Members have already paid their 1945 Dues which

is most gratifying to the Directors and shows the keen interest of the Membership in what the Association has done and hopes to do in the future to substantiate their slogan, "For Sport's Sake and Better Sport."

Seven of the Directors are now in the armed forces: Lieut. George H. Bostwick, U. S. Army; Lieut. James C. Brady, U. S. Navy; Lieut. Comdr. Raymond Guest, U. S. Navy; Townsend B. Martin, C. B. M., U. S. Coast Guard; Lieut. Earl S. Potter, U. S. Naval Reserve; Lieut. Louis E. Stoddard, Jr., U. S. Army, and Lieut. Col. John Hay Whitney, U. S. Army Air Force.

## Out-To-Sea

By Adele Davis Rockwell

Today Mrs. McKay (known and still referred to by older horsemen in this locality of Toronto, Canada as Ruth Cowan) phoned from Montreal to ask if I would write you regarding Out-To-Sea's breeding as Miss LaCaille is now overseas and his papers were not available to Mrs. McKay.

We bred and raised him and he is registered by Thorncliffe Stable. Foaled in 1938, he showed such promise as a yearling that I bought him from my father, Wilfred Davies, and started then to develop him as a horse. He was schooled loose twice a week as a yearling and was not broken until a 2-year-old.

I showed him with marked success from his 3-year-old year on until I sold him to Miss LaCaille in the summer of 1943, shortly after he had won the challenge cup and championship for the best horse at the Toronto horse show.

He is by Briar Hawk, which is by \*Sun Briar, out of Hawkshead, by

Swynford. He had a limited racing career but was bought by my father on his breeding. Out-To-Sea's dam, By The Sea, is a full sister to the King's Plate winner, Short Pint, being by Oil Man, several times leading sire in Canada and so a granddaughter of \*North Star III. Her dam, South Shore is, in my opinion (though prejudiced perhaps as we still have her), the outstanding brood mare in Canada. She, herself, won the King's Plate in 1922 and is the dam of two winners of this Canadian classic, Shore Pint and Sally Fuller, and also the stakes winner Whale Oil, which was 2nd in the Plate. She had, I believe, 15 foals and all are winners. She is now 27 years old and is hale and hearty.

Out-To-Sea might have given a very good account of himself on the turf but he was never tried. Briar Hawk has had only a small representation on the track with most of his colts appearing to come better with age. A number of his get have been made into show horses and all have marked ability to jump. He is also represented by a number of good Half-breds.

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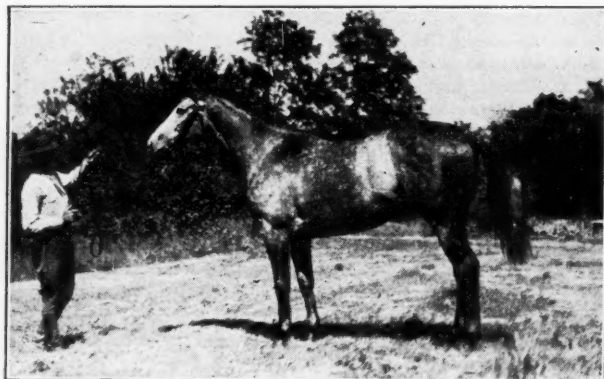
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## COQ D'ESPRIT



COQ D'ESPRIT grey, 1934, by \*COQ GAULOIS—DULCY, by \*LIGHT BRIGADE, is a magnificent individual, standing 16.3½, measures 79 inches around girth, 9½" below the knee and weighs 1,500 pounds. Combining, as he does, the jumping qualities of \*COQ GAULOIS and \*LIGHT BRIGADE, and being a brilliant jumper himself, he should prove a most outstanding sire of jumpers.

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**"Information Please"**  
Continued from Page One

\$3.00.  
As the day approached, questions poured in. They came from seniors, juniors, and non-members. Interest was high, and word certainly got around, as some arrived from Rochester, New York. The Committee edited the questions, combining some, changing a few, and trying to keep the whole thing balanced. There was a little of everything, historical, veterinary, hunting, riding, and practical knowledge.

By the time January 30th arrived, twenty-five sets of questions were ready, which meant that approximately seventy-five answers were expected of the experts.

Master of Ceremonies was Dr. C. B. Baker, and beside him sat Mrs. George Jacobsen, secretary-treasurer of the Horsemanship Club, and organizer of the evening. Mrs. J. was apprehensive over the financial trimming the Club was likely to take during the evening.

Seated nervously at a white clothed table were our four experts. They were J. Farrell Vincent, J. Walter Nesbitt, F. H. Dillingham, and J. M. Rudel. Jumpers, hunters, saddle horses, hackneys and westerns were all represented.

I won't go into details about the questions, but they varied from eohippus, to the cayuse in "Don't fence me in". The knowledge of Mr. Vincent brought applause from the audience several times. He knew all about Xenophon's book, even its name. How to straighten out a coach and four that is swaying dangerously, and the advantages of a Rugby pelham—all seemed to be up his alley.

One member stumped the experts with all three parts of his question, and there were four other sets of stamps given out. In all a loss of \$7.00, which wasn't bad. The evening was certainly a lot of fun for the audience, and once it was all over, even the experts seemed to have enjoyed it.

The Liesse Hunt, on the Cote de Liesse Road outside Montreal, is surrounded by small farms, both dairy and vegetable. Thus a long ride may take you over the land of eight or more different farmers. Needless to say, the goodwill of these farmers is all-important to us, and we have to wage a continual battle

against the harm done by the \$1.00-an-hour rider, who doesn't know enough to shut a gate.

A few years ago the Club decided to invite the farmers and their families to a party at the clubhouse. The first party was a success, so it became an annual event, and this year's was held on the first Saturday in February.

There are a few difficulties each time. Both riders and guests have trouble recognizing each other in "Sunday clothes". Also, the farmers speak only French, and on the whole, the members French is very limited. One year we showed movies of some of the summer shows, and the audience was delighted to recognize a few of the horses. A familiar chestnut was greeted with "Gardez la blonde". That had nothing to do with the rider, to them, all chestnuts are "blondes".

Always in evidence are the fiddles and an accordion. Starting with the French Canadian songs, the next thing you know, a square dance is being called, and the evening is under way. What dances! Walz Lansers, Set Americane, and a rhythmic and easy to learn one, called "Ma petite Chere Madame". One of our guests was an expert caller, and even those who had never seen a square dance before, were put through their paces.

Two wonderful turkeys were put up as prizes. One and all, whether they were willing or not, got up and did a dance, and the turkeys went to those getting most applause. The farmers did either a clog dance, or something very acrobatic, where they kept leaping over a broom.

At the start of the evening, the big open fire place was most welcome, but it wasn't long before the dancers were calling to have the front door open for air.

One of the members of the Club made a short speech, asking that the farmers make any suggestions they felt like about the riders who crossed their farms. Beer and strong cheese were on hand throughout the evening, and well after mid-night the party was still going on.

As space is limited, the Liesse Hunt is represented by its committee only. Next year I think we'll have to put the horses in the clubhouse, and take over the barn. Then we will have more room, and all the members can join in the fun.

We hope our guests enjoy the evening as much as we do.

**Shaker Heights**  
Continued from Page One

Patsy Wilson, while 3rd went to Jimmy Easily on Jumbo and Dawn Bouse on At Last, two very playful ponies.

The pony hunter class was next for all ponies under 15 hands. The participants were judged for performance, manners and suitability of horse to rider. Joan McIntosh riding Circle Surprise, placed 1st, Jimmy Easily on Jumbo received the red and At Last, ridden by Dawn Bouse, the yellow.

One more horsemanship class was on the program. This was for boys only. They placed in this order, Bill Wenneman 1st, Mark Zettelmeyer, 2nd and Jimmy Wychgel, 3rd.

The last class for the afternoon was the 3rd run-off of the open jump. This time the blue went to Fair Isabella, ridden by Margot Harris. This was the mare's second jumping appearance in the show ring after a year's absence. The 2nd ribbon went to Kate Ireland on Eagle Trail and 3rd to Morley, ridden by Marilyn Zimmer. Fourth prize was awarded to Billy-O, a young black horse owned by Mary O'Neill. This

horse is developing rapidly for he just started jumping this winter. This was a very close class and a number of horses not in the ribbons should be mentioned for really fine performances. Elizabeth Easily's beautiful new grey mount, Monmouth Boy, did a fine job as did Dixie Way, Jane Zettelmeyer's lovely black mare, Marcellena, owned by Joan Callahan and ridden by Betty Bernet, home from school in New York State, also had a fine round.

The 4th schooling show will be held on Sunday afternoon, February 18 at 2 p. m., 107th Cavalry Armory, Shaker Heights, Ohio.

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**FIGHTING CHANCE**

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		*Rock Sand
		*Merry Token
	*Star Shoot	Isinglass
		Astrology
	Miss Granville	Yankee
		Fatty

Sister to DEAD RECKONING, dam of the Stakes winner DIRECTOR J. E.

Half sister to the Stakes winners Gamble, Dicing (Pocahontas Handicap, etc.), Cross Work, Yankee Doodle, Army and Navy, etc.

Produce: FIGHTING CHANCE is dam of CHANCE BRAS by \*QUATRE BRAS, 3-year-old winner last year; of CHANCIALIZED by PASTEURIZED, 2-year-old winner last year, her only foals to be trained and raced. She also has an outstanding yearling colt by PASTEURIZED.

**FLYING BLAZE**

Flying Heels	Flying Ebony	The Finn
	Heeltaps	Prince Mary
		Ultimus
	*Teddy	Queen of the Water
		Ajax
	Sapience	Rondeau
		Gorgos
		Sapientia

A Winner

FLYING BLAZE is half-sister to the winners SUNCIRCLE BLAZE and FLUSH.

Out of a fine \*TEDDY mare. Bred by The Aga Kahn.

Produce: FLYING BLAZE, first foal, 2-years old last year, started twice then died. She had worked a quarter in :22 and a half in :46 out of the gate and looked to be a filly of the highest class. She has a 2-year-old colt by PASTEURIZED in Florida that has been highly tried. We have her yearling colt. A corker.

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A Winner

Half-sister to the winners Copperfield, Meeting Place, Trylubia, etc.

Produce: BRIARLUBE has had two foals that did not live to racing age.

The mares are grand types, are in excellent condition and are good mothers.

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# HORSEMANSHIP

By Edward Dickinson

## Seen At The Horse Shows

The only reason for dividing the horsemanship classes into groups of riders on hunters and groups of riders on saddle horses and saddle ponies is to satisfy a somewhat erroneous group that believes fair competition between the two groups is impossible. Actually the division suggested is unnecessary. Hunters are hunters; saddle horses are saddle horses; and equitation is something else. That is true, and is almost verbatim from a statement of that outstandingly great riding instructor, Walter von Lambeck, whom I have known for many years and whose opinion on matters pertaining to the horse world is worthy of the highest consideration. Leads are the same; diagonals are the same; direct, lateral, and diagonal aids are the same without regard to the mount; and it is up to the judge to tell whether Mary on her saddle pony is doing a better job than is Billy on his hunter. A saddle horse is trained to take up leads at certain signals more readily than is a hunter; and it is but natural in judging a horsemanship class to consider the quickness with which a result is obtained, but one cannot condemn as faulty any one way of obtaining a result till one gives the incident a good deal of study. Another element in the picture is the fact that different riding instructors teach different ways of getting these results and have their horses trained to their own ideas.

Leads, themselves, are simple enough. When a horse canter he takes a short, high step with one foot and with that on the other side the horse takes a long, low step. He starts the gait with the high step which is called the "lead". When he starts with the left foot he is said to have the "on" lead or the "left" lead. When he starts with the right foot he is said to have the "off" lead or right lead. The horse is supposed to start the gait with the foot on the side to which he is to turn.

Examine a horse show ring. There is a fence and along this fence on the inside of the ring a horse is to canter. If ahead of him the track is to turn to his right he should start to canter with the right foot. If the track ahead is to turn to the left he should start to canter with the left foot. Now take the horse out of the ring and ride him on a trail. He is to be cantered. Ahead the trail swings to the right. He should start the canter with the right foot. Later on when he is to canter again the trail swings to the left. Then he should start to canter with the left foot.

Making a horse lead correctly is not a parlor trick. It is an observance of a law of physics and a matter of common sense. No one in his right mind would look down the barrel of a gun to see if it were loaded nor would he rock a boat just for fun. From the standpoint of safety it is quite as essential to know and master the leads of a horse.

Correct leading at the canter can keep a horse from stumbling or falling over sideways. It is perfectly logical to say, "So what, I've turned corners while riding at a canter and it made no difference which way the horse was turning." But—the gun didn't go off every time nor did the boat tip over. If the turn be sudden

or sharp the chance of the horse's falling becomes far greater than that of the gun's going off or the boat's capsizing.

To be purely mathematical look at leads from this angle: Lay a cone on its side. Push it. It will revolve about its point or vertex with its base resembling a tilted wheel, not at right angles to the surface on which the cone has been placed but at right angles to the altitude of the cone. As the cone revolves the tilted wheel or base will revolve on the cone's altitude, its edge transcribing a larger circle than any circle made by a line drawn around the cone at any place between the base and the cone's vertex. This small circle is not unlike the movement of the horse's leading foot while the big circle made by the revolving base corresponds to the long, low step which the horse takes with his non-leading foot. Of course to have the cone move in a straight line instead of a circle around its vertex a ruler will have to be introduced somewhere between the base and the vertex. If the width of the ruler plus the diameter of the small circle at the point at which the ruler is placed under the cone equals the diameter of the cone's base the cone will move in a straight line just exactly as a horse can canter on a straight line on whichever lead he is given.

Everything in horsemanship that is correct can be proven by some law of physics or in some branch of mathematics. The application of the law of gravity to the leads at the canter is less obvious than it is to the diagonals of the trot.

When a horse trots one front foot works in unison with the hind foot on the other side; thus the trot is a diagonal gait while the canter in which both feet on the same side work together is a lateral gait. In posting at the trot one should be down in the saddle when the front foot on the side to which the track is turning is down under the horse. This keeps the rider's center of gravity in the same vertical plane with the horse's, permitting the rider to tilt with the horse toward the side to which he is turning, exactly the same as in riding a bicycle or ice skating you tilt the way you are turning. The vertical plane mentioned runs the length of the horse. It is perfectly possible to start posting on the correct diagonal the instant the horse starts to trot; but should not this degree of perfection in riding be possessed it is simple enough to get the horse trotting and then to pick up the correct diagonal. To do this all one has to do is to look at the horse's shoulders and sit the gait till one feels like rising at the post with whichever shoulder of the horse is seen to go forward. In a like manner it is perfectly possible to change from posting on one diagonal to the other, merely by bouncing an odd number of steps and then posting again. A change of posting will rest both horse and rider exactly as one would not swim a great distance on the same side or with the same stroke. The importance of posting on the correct diagonal is recognized by the American Horse Shows Association and is demanded of riders in equitation classes, which fact is brought out in Rule XXIII-A-1, immediately after the paragraph marked "f" which may be quoted as follows, "In posting when the track is to the left the rider shall be down in his saddle when the right front foot of the horse is down." This statement will be found on page 103 of the 1942 rule book of The American Horse Shows Association.

can Horse Shows Association.

The front legs of a horse are really to hold up his head and neck while his back legs furnish propulsion. Because of this fact some riding instructors teach the diagonals from the hind legs and since the trot is a diagonal gait they say, "Be down in the saddle when the hind foot of the horse on the side to which he is to be turned is down under him." This means exactly the same thing as is described in the paragraph immediately ahead.

Diagonals at the trot take their name from the fact that the trot is a diagonal gait; and in a like manner diagonal aids take their distinction or name from the fact that they are actions on opposite sides of the horse. If you are to neck rein your horse to the right you will press the left rein against his neck, pushing his head in the general direction you wish him to go. Now, if at the same time you do this you press him just back of the saddle girth with your right heel you will push his hind quarters away from the direction you wish to go, keeping him in a straight line pointed into the new direction. The heel on one side and the rein on the other, therefore, is a good example of a diagonal aid. By studying this, by delving into it; by experimenting with it some interesting dressage movements may be obtained

such as turning a horse on his haunches or pivoting on his forehand. But dressage is something for the most highly finished rider. Nevertheless, every horse used on the trail or in the hunting field and every rider should have some idea of these two turns. There may come a time in practical riding when such a turn may be needed and like a revolver, you may not need it often.

Continued on Page Fifteen

## Woodland Farm

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### KNAVE HIGH

Ches., 1934  
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## ELLERSLIE STALLIONS

Season of 1945

Charlottesville, Virginia

### FLARES

Bay, 1933

Gallant Fox.....  
\*Sir Galahad III  
Marguerite  
\*Wrack  
Flambino.....  
\*Flambette

FLARES was a winner of the Newmarket Stakes, Ormonde Plate, Burwell Stakes, Princess of Wales' Stakes, Dullingham Stakes, Lowther Stakes, Champion Stakes, and Ascot Gold Cup, also placing in other of England's best stakes races. His first crop produced 12 winners and his second crop, 9 winners. Two-year-old winners from his third crop are now racing. To November 1, 1944, his progeny have won \$42,650 in first monies only. He is the sire of Skytracer, winner 1944 Blue Grass Stakes, beating Broadcloth and others; Chop Chop, winner Endurance Handicap, \$25,000 added Empire City Handicap, placed in Ardsley Handicap, Classic Stakes and Tantee, winner Pimlico Nursery Stakes. Other winners have placed in stakes.

FE—\$250 RETURN

### TINTAGEL

Bay, 1933

\*Sir Gallahad III.....  
\*Teddy  
Plucky Liege  
Heloise.....  
Friar Rock  
\*Affection

TINTAGEL was the leading 2-year-old of his year, winner Belmont Futurity. His first crop produced 13 starters, of which 11 were winners, including CASTLERIDGE, Tinted Chick, Tell Me More, White Sea, and Eric Knight. Of 16 foals in his second crop, 2-year-olds of 1942, he has 14 winners, including which have won in three seasons, and the good winners Amble Tint, Short Life, Gold Tint, Tindell, Tintit, Darby Doc, etc. His third crop, now 3-year-olds, has produced 7 winners out of 12 starters and 3 have placed. More than 50 per cent of TINTAGEL'S winners in his first three crops won as 2-year-olds. To date he has six 2-year-old winners, including Talmadge and Freddie's Pal, (four races each), Slight Edge, etc. To November 1, 1944, his progeny have won \$50,940 in first monies only.

FE—\$250 RETURN

### \*Princequillo

Bay, 1940

Prince Rose.....  
Rose Prince.....  
\*Prince Palatine  
Indolence.....  
Gay Crusader  
Cosquilla.....  
Papyrus.....  
Tracery  
Quick Thought.....  
Miss Matty  
White Eagle  
Mindful

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CLAIBORNE STUD

PHONE 393

PARIS, KENTUCKY



16, 1945

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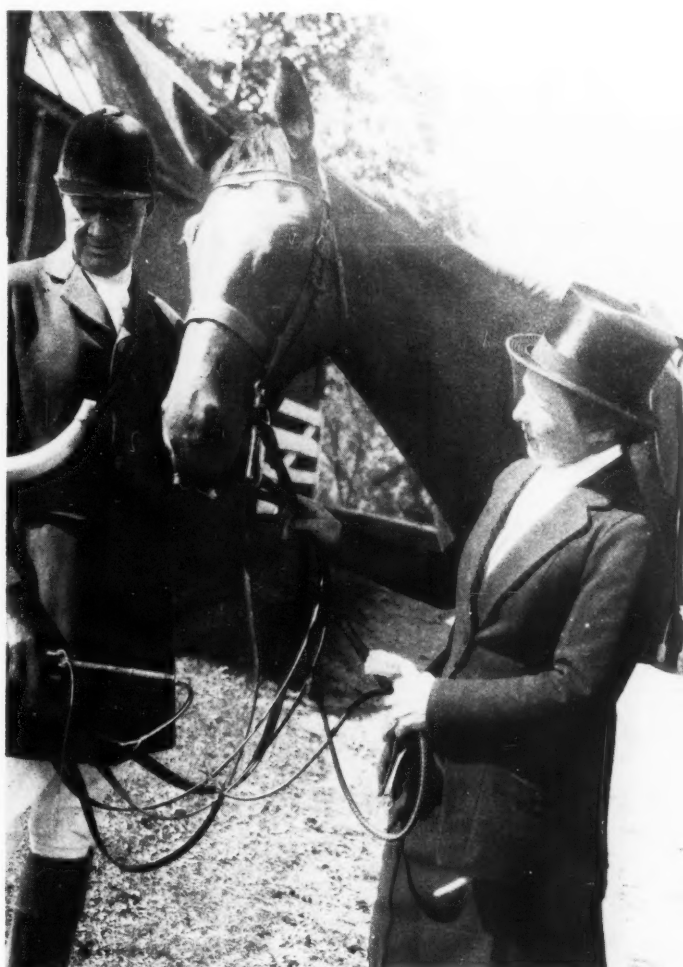
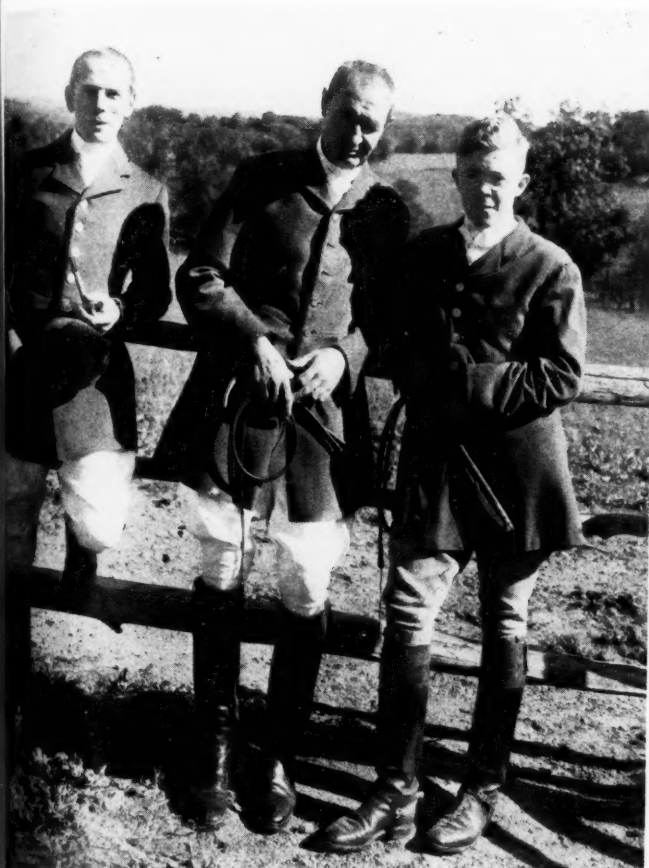
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KENTUCKY

# THE CARROLL HOUNDS

(Photos Courtesy Sidney Smith)

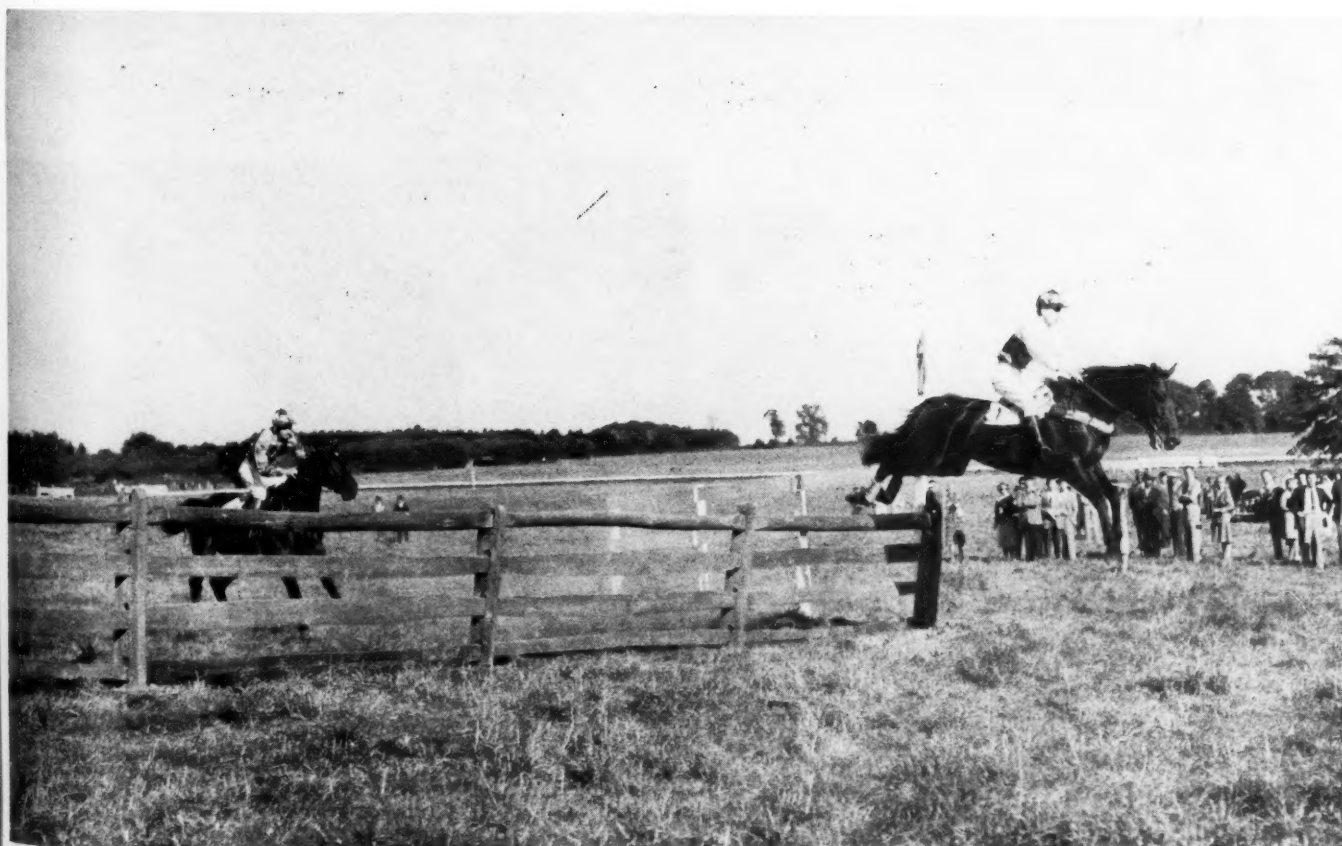


This organization was started in 1928 as the Lebanon Valley Hunt and its name was changed to Old Chatham Hunt in 1931 and was disbanded in 1940. Now reorganized, the hunt is known as the Carroll Hounds. Above, (left to right), Will H. Stratton, Honorary Whip, John Carroll, Master and Huntsman, and Napier Smith, Honorary Whip.

The Master of The Carroll Hounds, John Carroll, and Mrs. Chester A. Braman, wife of the Ex-Master of the Old Chatham Hunt.

## SGT. NORMAN CLELAND

(Photo by Morgan)



Sgt. Norman Cleland's tack will remain in the tack room as he returns from the war in the Pacific. He was wounded at Leyte and writes that his racing days are over. The picture above was taken in the Pennsylvania Hunt Cup at Whitmarsh as John Strawbridge's BUNGTOWN, with Lt. George Strawbridge up, leads C. M. Greer, Jr.'s HOUSEMAN, Norman Cleland up.

## WHEN THE CROWD CHEERED THEM ON



With no new names being added to turf annals for the time being, look back at some of the former names which are now standing at stud. PILATE, bred by W. R. Coe and now standing at A. S. Hewitt's Montana Hall, White Post, Virginia, was retired to stud in 1934. He started 44 times, winning 24 outings and purses of \$22,920.



OSCULATOR entered the stud in 1934 and had accounted for the National Stallion, Great American Stakes, Spalding Lowe Jenkins, Clark, Havre de Grace (1½ miles in 1.49 4-5, new track record, beating EQUIPOISE, DARK SECRET, MATE, etc.), before his retirement.



JACK HIGH won the Hopeful, Flash, Tremont, Shevlin, Maternity, Laurel Stakes, Metropolitan, Brooklyn 'Caps before entering the stud in 1932. He stands at W. H. LaBoyteaux's Hop Creek Farm, Holmdel, New Jersey.



# Horsemanship

Continued from Page Twelve

but when you do you need it badly. A lateral aid is a combination of signals all on the same side of the horse. To turn him to the right carry the right rein away from his neck and press him just back of the saddle girth with the right heel pushing his hind quarters over toward the left. This movement obtains the same result as the diagonal aid described above but applies to a horse that does not neck rein; i. e. not bridle wise. It has been said that a good hunter or a good saddle horse should not be bridle wise because an unexpected movement may throw a rein against his neck and thereby swerve him from his course.

Direct aids are aids applied by heels and hands simultaneously on both sides of the horse, forward or back. To move a horse forward squeeze him with both legs and having pressed against him slide the legs forward along his body just exactly as though you had a penny on a table and wished to push it along with your finger. Your heels will push your horse forward, and at the moment your heels touch him pick up his head with the reins and then giving him a tiny bit of head. But be very careful not to pull him for that would be a checking signal and would tend to confuse him when given with the advancing signal of the rider's legs as just described. You can make a horse step backwards by pulling back first on one rein and then on the other, lightly but firmly, and at the same time touching him with your heels but having touched him keeping your heels against him and sliding them backward along his body. Try it on yourself to this extent: rest your hand on your knee; press your fingers of your other hand on your arm above your elbow; and then slide these fingers down toward your hand. You will notice how the muscles of your arm seem to move down toward your hand. Now slide the fingers with which you are pressing up toward your shoulder and notice how the muscles of your arm seem to slide that way.

You cannot learn to ride a horse from reading a book or a magazine article any more than you can learn to swim without water; but from the article or book you can learn what is correct and then on mounting your horse try to carry out the ideas advanced in the book. It will help a great deal if you have an instructor to coach you and encourage you. In choosing an instructor give thought to his own educational background for unless he be one of considerable wisdom and erudition he can very easily teach you many faults. It is easy enough to say "Kick him,"

when you are telling some friend to activate his horse. But you must keep in mind that the kind of a kick required is more of a squeeze than a pommeling of the horse with your heels. The latter is but a brutal display of stupid punishment. The rider you see who is sitting there pounding his horse with his legs is going through a lot of silly, unnecessary exercise that might on a high spirited horse result in his bolting and tossing you and that might on a dull, sluggish horse result in stubbornness. The rider who does this stupid kicking can be likened to a motorist you would try to tack a patch on a tire.

All of these things that have been pointed out are to be seen at riding stables, on the trails, in the hunting field, and at horse shows. The leads and aids discussed above are written up in final detail in a book for juniors, "Riding," by the late Cecil Aldin and Lady Sylvia Hunloke. It's very readable, and anyone can benefit by it.

All of the things pointed out apply positively or negatively to what is good form in riding. Good form in riding consists of doing the correct things—giving the aids—posting on the correct diagonal—canting on the correct lead—quietly and unobtrusively. And the worst thing in horsemanship is unnecessary movement and noise. These two seem inseparable. They can frighten other horses in a party. They can cause accidents. They proclaim the nincompoop. Incorrect riding is a travesty on a great art. Correct riding is the art, itself, a wonderful sport, a wonderful exercise; and can be seen at a horse show.

## MR. NEWBOLD ELY'S HOUNDS

Ambler, R. D. 1, Pennsylvania. Established 1929. Recognized 1931.



February 3rd—Some idea of the heavy snowfall in which we hunted can be got from the fact that many highways were still blocked. In hacking to The Furnace Ridge Pines, one of our favorite coverts, it was necessary to detour around the drifted roads.

Shortly after casting hounds into Hillside Pines, Garter was seen working an old line. Baldy came up out of the pines to hit it fresh far out to the left. The fox proved accommodating, running on the sunny side of the slope out of the wind, Garbo, first season sensation, again leading. It was surprising the fast pace that was set considering the deep snow, but evidently the fox was having as difficult time in the snow as hounds were, and apparently by the great volume of music from the

pack, they were pressing him all the way. For several fields, the line ran along the top of the stone wall. At Kistler's he turned south across the road to Bowen's Ravine, then west across Bowen's lawn to ground in the pines near "The Little Church on the Hill".—W. E. B.

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## Thoroughbreds

Continued From Page One

what like attempting to put two bushels into a bushel basket to be calling for another one?

With Czar Byrnes czarring as supremely and irresistibly as he has ever since he picked up the scepter on December 23 last, what, oh what, could another Czar do?

Czar Byrnes has made a complete clean-up at one swoop. There ain't even a core left of the apple. The platter is empty; the stage swept bare; what was once a populous and thriving terrain reduced to the semblance of the Sahara.

This being the case, what, in the name of all that is necessary, remains for a No. 2 Czar to perform?

Beside which, also over and above, also underneath and all around the blackberry-bush, is it not notorious that No. 1 Czars don't like No. 2 Czars about the premises?

It is a familiar astronomical fact that two stars cannot traverse the same orbit—that is, not simultaneously; and that if they insisted upon trying to do so a crash would result shattering the entire celestial system.

It is similar with Czars. History tells us that upon numerous occasions, ancient and modern, two of 'em have undertaken to reign competitively over the same hordes of helots. . . . The result being invariably as above.

Having got these thoughts out of my system, I will proceed to something more strictly personal—this being the day and age when everything has become personal, strictly, from the occupancy of the White House down.

The personality that obtrudes taking the shape of not merely a racing Czar but a racing Kenesaw M. Landis.

Honored and respected enquirer, permit me to observe that if a secondary Czar for racing is a desideratum, a Landis most assuredly is not.

For many years previous to his being made Czar of Base-ball, Kenesaw M. Landis was a fellow-townsmen of this writer's. During that period this writer had many opportunities to observe him as he ramped and champed and reared upon his hind legs in the center of the calcium's glare. The impression which this writer received was of about as cheap, gaudy and boisterous a barn-stormer as ever did the one-night stands and split the ears of the groundlings.

Those charitably disposed, when he was mentioned, were wont to tap their craniums, lift their eyebrows, and shrug their shoulders; further comment they were prone to refrain from.

Kenesaw Mountain was the wearer of judicial robes and sat upon the bench in the temple of federal justice. Which temple he had converted into a rip-roaring variety show with himself putting on a continuous act. From which the goddess Justitia sadly velled her face, while those in search of her followed her to other temples.

The aforesaid "turn" came to a grand climax when, one day he was roaring along in high, he found against a famous industrial corporation which had been sued by the U. S. Government, in the sum of \$29,000,000.

This fiat was received by those who state that they represent the Plain Pee-pul and are guarding their interests again The Interests, with outbursts of acclaim which shook

the continent.

Andrew Jackson nearly fell off his horse in front of the White House. The tidal wave in New York Harbor came near washing the statue of Liberty off Bedloe's Island. All the yellow journals published super-extras printed in red ink which the newsboys vocalized along the thoroughfares all through the dead of night and until the rays of morning shone; when fresh super-extras, which continued on and on and on for days and days and days, also nights, continued to inform the world that the country had been saved and John Citizen was once more a free man.

Everybody was so excited that they came near having fits—a lot did have 'em—except those persons previously referred to. They, as before, tapped their foreheads, lifted their eyebrows and shrugged their shoulders. . . . Simply that and nothing more.

The verdict was at once appealed, and not so very long afterward the Supreme Court declared it null and void not only—the Government (that is to say, Messrs. John Citizen & Co.) was mulcted for the entire costs of the case, which ran high up in the six figures.

However—the man who had saved the country remained, according to his publicity, the same 100-carat savior as before. Abraham Lincoln, George Washington and other historical personages were ranked a lot lower in the patriotic hierarchy—and the great moral and religious one-man show in the city of Chicago went roaring ahead more uproariously than ever.

Then—regardless of the fact that the country had been saved—in some way base-ball got into a mess.

From the said mess unpleasant odors arose.

A house-cleaning was spoken of—but in lieu of it some Great Mind had a Wonderful Idea.

What base-ball needed was not a house-cleaning but a Czar!

But where find that indispensable personage?

Then another Great Mind had another Wonderful Idea.

The man required to save base-ball was undoubtedly the man who already had saved the country!

No sooner said than done! Kenesaw M. Landis moreover, was known to be devoted to the National Game. In fact, he had staged one or two of his one-man acts at the ball parks. Clearly, Providence had foreordained it all!

Those under whose guidance base-ball had got into a mess hastened to the Mountain and offered terms of salary which made the stipend of a federal judge look like street-car fare. And the next morning another super-extra announced to the pee-pul that the man that had saved the country a few years ago would now save base-ball and that from Judge he had been promoted to be Czar Landis.

It seemed needless to pursue the farther history of base-ball as a Czardom. In some ways it is a funny story. In the fulness of time, after having saved base-ball as he did the country, its Czar was gathered to his fathers and, it is understood, the school-children who had been brought up to revere him as the living symbol of the true, the beautiful and the good are now saving their pennies to get up a statue of the great departed which will be installed in Statuary Hall in the U. S. Capitol at Washington. . . . And not a bad idea, either! For, having seen

## England And India

Continued From Page One

pletely exhausted partridge. The brush, i. e. tail feathers, were distributed lavishly.

The Delhi Fox Hounds killed their second jackal of the season after a stiff, eight-mile run last Sunday. Scenting, which in India is almost non-existent, was good due to a light rain and hounds raced him down the long meadows of the Jumna bank without a check. The brush was given to Mrs. Punnett, Three Americans, Col. Rose and Major Shaffer of Philadelphia and I were out.

Pig-sticking, which is very difficult to do in war time due to the lack of transport and beaters is still carrying on in a limited way in Meerut. It is nothing like the days of the Kadir Cup, whose 1936 meeting I described for The Chronicle several years ago, but a dozen odd ex-cavalrymen manage to have a day now and then. At last week's meeting four boar were accounted for and fifteen pig run. An officer who went along told me that the native beaters, all Mohamedans, were so delighted to have the "filthy soor" chased out of their cane brakes again that in some cases they refused payment for the hard day's beating.

A strange case of a haunted arch was reported by Col. Codrington, Master of the Delhi Hounds. About two miles from the new city there is an old water sluice built in the time of Moguls. Under it at intervals run arched tunnels, most of which are used for passage. Hounds ran under one and the Master following to the opening where his horse for no apparent reason refused to go further. The arch on the left and right were identical and under them he went with no fear, but despite all persuading would not enter this particular arch. The field tried also and with the same lack of success. The next day four of us rode over at evening and investigated the tunnel carefully. It has a sand floor, nothing has died in it and to all intensive purposes is exactly the same as the adjoining tunnels, but none of our horses would budge into the entrance. An old Indian finally happened along and shook his head. "Bhut", he said, "there is evil in that place." We rode home rather silently.

There have been several cases of a strange horse disease known as "dry coat" in Delhi recently. A horse with this affliction cannot sweat and virtually all his hair drops off. The disease is rare and none of the veterinarians can do anything for it. The Maharaja of Jaipur, who lost a valuable polo pony to it, has offered a big purse to whomever can devise a cure.

the live Czar more than once, the writer can testify that the said statute, if a good likeness, will be much more showy than most of those now in storage there.

But—somehow—though base-ball had been czarrd into a high state of purity, probity and nobility, hardly is its Messiah interred with his ancestors before—well—it's in a mess again.

So—somehow—something seems to say that racing doesn't need a Czar Landis. Especially when its got a Czar Byrnes already yet.

## Great Britain Notes

Continued from Page Nine

same when the Beverley mare Nancy was bringing fame and good red gold to East Yorks—then all the girls, mares, and bitches were "Nancy's". "An amateur sportsman", who published a volume of "Sporting Anecdotes" in Maj. Topham's day, has much to say regarding that sportsman, the Wolds and their stout hares, and about the evolution of the greyhound. He begins with the period when they were long-haired and "resembling more the shaggy wolf-dog of former times than any sporting dog of the present day". He goes on:

"The Wolds of Yorkshire, which like the Wealds of Kent, are a corruption of the word 'wilds', appear, from the dates of parish books, to have been infested with wolves later than any other part of England. In the entries of Flixton, Staxton and Folkton are still to be seen memoranda of payments made for the destruction of wolves at a certain rate per head. They used to breed in the cars below among the rushes and bogs, and in the night came up, and, unless the sheep had been driven into the towns, or the shepherds vigilant, great numbers of them were destroyed. From wolves having so long remained in the parts mentioned, it is not more than fifty years since many of the long-haired, curl-tailed greyhounds were to be traced, bred originally from the wolf-dog; and some of these for a short distance, could run with surprising velocity. That a dog of this description should sufficiently gratify the coursing sentiment of that day, is by no means surprising; the uncultivated face of the country, covered with brakes, bushes and infinite obstacles, may readily account for it. When the owner lived in the open air, unmindful of the elements and of storm, it can create no surprise that the dog should fare no better than his master. This most likely was the earliest stage of the gaze greyhound; wild in his aspect, erect in his ears, and shaggy in his coat; but even in that unimproved state they had many good points; as straight, firm legs; round, hard foxhound feet; were incredibly quick at catching view, and, being instantaneously upon their legs, which modern sportsmen term 'firing quickly'. Uniform progress with time, the Duke of Norfolk was ultimately prevailed upon to draw up a code of rules for coursing."

It was, however, the Earl of Oxford who really set a seal on coursing as we know it. He tried all manner of crosses to improve the greyhound—from the English lurcher to the bull-dog. The latter experiment was made in opposition to every opinion of his day, but after seven removes, the earl had the best grey hounds in the land. On his decease Col. Thornton, an eccentric Yorkshire sportsman, who lived at Thornville Royal (now Allerton Park) near Knaresborough and built himself a house (he called it "Falconer's Hall") near Boythorpe, the better to enjoy hawking and coursing on the Wolds, bought some of the Earl of Oxford's best dogs. "Yet" (we are told by a contemporary writer) "when they came to be started against the hares of the High Wolds, they did not altogether support the character they had previously obtained".

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## Bayview Show

Continued From Page One

confusing at the beginning of a new season to check on green horses which have changed hands and names the previous year.

The winner of the bridle path hack was a surprise to some and certainly a triumph to her rider, for Marilyn Massey has been trying for many shows to get in the ribbons with the erratic Wendy, owned by Mr. Fingard and although she showed much improvement at the last show and Marilyn did get a ribbon with her, I know she must be very proud this time to take a 1st. She must have put a great deal of time on her as at last the mare is acting like a lady. Patsy Whitewood was 2nd with Bunt, with Mrs. Wilson's Worth 3rd and Joanne Graeme 4th with her Lady Amber.

The jumping stake for horses not entered in the two open stakes fell to the old timer Gallivanter, owned by O. D. Robinson and ridden by Rosalie Howell. Mrs. W. A. Willson's grand big heavyweight, Bar None, was 2nd, Yvonne McMullen was 3rd with Rose O'Day and Mr. Kellough's Hi Lo Lad was 4th.

The opening jumping stake went to Mr. Aitcheson's Bartender, ridden by Jimmy Pogue, with Mrs. Willson 2nd on Colleen, Mr. Timms' Royal Scot 3rd and O. D. Robinson's Kip 4th.

The green hunter, any weight, went to Mr. Kellough's big Thoroughbred Night Raider and 2nd to his grey Sky Chief. Mr. DeBois took the 3rd ribbon with Watch Him.

The novice rider class was for those persons who had not ridden more than one winner in a jumping class and this went to Guillian Watson on Jack Rabbit. This little mare impressed every one last year in all the open classes when she was so ably ridden by her former owner, Mr. A. Robinson. Miss Watson rode her very well as this, I believe, is the first show she has ever competed in, and we wish her luck with her good little mare. Bobby Blade rode Night Raider to 2nd, Edna Dalton rode Royal Scot to 3rd and Doug Cudney's mare, Royal Princess, was 4th, I believe, with Doug's cousin in the saddle, but I was unable to get his name.

Mrs. Hugh Wilson won the ladies' performance with Worth. Yvonne McMullen was 2nd with Rose O'Day, Guillian Watson 3rd with Jack Rabbit and Edna Dalton 4th on Mr. Timms' Royal Scot.

We were standing at the end of the arena when the horses started to come in for the triple bar class and were somewhat amazed by the shattering of poles as such good jumpers as Crusader, Royal Scot, Colleen, etc., went the two turns. I wandered down the side of the arena thinking the horses must have gotten pretty rusty through the winter but pulled up when I got abreast of the jump for it was an impressive obstacle. I think it was 4'-6" with a 6' or possibly 7'-0" spread, but as the first pole was over 3'-0", it necessarily required the horse to stand back farther than usual to make a large enough arc to complete the jump, but the thing that really made it difficult was the center pole was only about an inch lower than the last one, which certainly threw the horses off in their judgment.

The results of the class showed this too as only one of the horses placed was really an educated horse, the others, all young horses, were just jumping as big as they could

## Letters To Editor

Continued from Page Four

a score of them!

Thank "Salvator" and express the hope that we send more pictures to earn commendation in The Chronicle which needs no commendation to we people in Canada who eagerly follow it, specially during the seven months of non-showing season.

If at any time "News Pictures" or our New York affiliate "ABC News Pictures" can be of service to The Chronicle don't hesitate to call on us.

Yours truly

Colin A. Gravenor  
General Manager

February 6, 1945  
Montreal, Canada

## Returning To U. S. A.

Dear Editor:

I could not take care of the subscription before as our division was in combat on Leyte Island. I got shot in the knee and they had to take my right leg off above the knee. I was wounded on Leyte on December 31 and had my leg taken off on the 3rd of January. My leg is coming along fine and I get up and around on a pair of crutches. I have been going to the movies in a wheel chair, so you see I am coming along all right.

I am in a hospital somewhere in

and hoping. The winner was Mrs. Willson's grand big 5-year-old Bar None, Mr. Kellough's Night Raider was 2nd, the old timer Bartender 3rd, which established quite a reputation a few years ago as a triple bar horse, and 4th was the promising young Grey Dawn, owned and ridden by Charles McMullen.

The better performance horses got their inning back in the knock-down-and-out stake, however, as Mr. O. D. Robinson's pair, Crusader and Kip took 1st and 2nd, with Royal Scot 3rd and Colleen 4th.

The hunter hack was won by the very happy Mrs. George Kellough who rode herself to take the ribbon with Sky Chief. Dick Day rode Royal Scot to 2nd and Mrs. Willson was 3rd with Worth. Mrs. Snowball was 4th on her Thoroughbred Galaway.

Worth won the owners up for Mrs. Wilson. Yvonne McMullen was 2nd with Rose O'Day. Doug Cudney was 3rd on Royal Princess and Mr. O. D. Robinson was 4th with Kip.

The pair performance wound up the afternoon, going to Mr. Kellough's pair of Hi Lo Lad and Sky Chief, while Night Raider, paired with Bartender, took 2nd. Mr. Robinson's pair of Gallivanter and Kip were 3rd and Mrs. Wilson's Colleen and Worth, took 4th.

Mr. O. D. Robinson donated a trophy to the horse winning the most points at the show and Worth and Night Raider tied for it but they tossed and it went to Night Raider, which starts off his show career with a bang.

A very good crowd was in attendance and the hat was passed for the Telegram War Victims fund.

One person we missed was little Dougie Hood who is in the hospital with mastoid. Everyone is pulling for him and we hope to see him back in the not too distant future.

The Bayview Riding and Driving Club will hold the next show on March 3rd.

Major Gordon Gaylord and Mr. R. R. Brown were the judges for the day.

## The Sporting Calendar

### Horse Shows

(These dates are tentative and subject to change.)

#### APRIL

21 & 22—Indoor Spring Horse Show, Boulder Brook Club, Inc., Old Mamaroneck Road, Scarsdale, N. Y.

#### MAY

6—Hutchinson Horse Show, New York.  
12 & 13—Secor Farms Riding Club Horse Show, White Plains, New York.  
13—Success Horse Show, Great Neck, L. I., New York.  
16 to 20, inc.—Los Angeles National Spring Horse Show.  
19 & 20 or 26 & 27—Meadow Brook Saddle Club Horse Show, N. C.  
19 & 20 or 26 & 27—Harrison Horse Show, Harrison, New York.  
19 & 20 or 26 & 27—Hartford Spring Horse Show, Hartford, Conn.

the S. W. P. A. Wish I could tell you where, and they tell me that I will be in California in about two weeks.

I guess I will not ride anymore races. I was sorry to hear about the racing all stopping and I hope it will not before long.

Give my best to all in Middleburg that I know and I wish The Chronicle all the luck in the coming year.

Sincerely yours,

Sgt. Norman Cleland

February 5, 1945  
S. W. P. A.

(Norman Cleland was a former steeplechase jockey and his sister Muriel Cleland, is an owner-trainer with 'chasers. Norman rode over timber and brush and in 1941, rode Mrs. F. M. Gould's Hold Forth, trained by Arthur White, to 3 straight victories, Monmouth County Hunt Cup, New Jersey Hunt Cup and R. Penn Smith, Jr. Challenge Plate.—Editor's Note.)

## All Sold

Dear Editor:

Enclosed please find my check to cover the advertisement concerning my Open Jumpers and Shetland Ponies in the January 12th, issue of your most popular paper.

At this time I wish to express my sincere appreciation for the response received concerning my horses. I sold them all, and due to your wide circulation answers came in from all over. Each horse I am sure received the very best kind of a home, and I feel confident that these buyers will be more than satisfied if these horses can do just half for them what they did for me.

Circumstances beyond our control forced me to sell. The day before Christmas our new home burned to the ground, and due to the lack of help, and difficulty in building we had to move to the city, and therefore could not handle all the horses we had. They were sentimental attachments with me, and therefore I was most particular in finding the right kind of buyer who would appreciate their quality like I did, and under these circumstances, The Chronicle was my solution.

The only horse we have left is Queen Of Sports, and as many people know, she will be with us always. However, when time permits I shall try to find again some horses to show and get back in the ring, and do what I can to promote the enjoyment and sport connected with horse shows.

Sincerely yours,

Frederick von Lambeck

February 6, 1945  
Rochester, N. Y.

20—Oaks Hunt Horse Show (tentative), Great Neck, L. I., N. Y.  
20—Western Massachusetts Horse Show, Springfield, Mass.  
26 & 27—Deep Run Hunt Club Horse Show, Richmond, Va.  
28 to June 2—Devon Horse Show, Devon, Pa. (tentative).

#### JUNE

2 & 3—Watchung Riding & Driving Club, Watchung, N. J.  
7, 8 & 9—Sedgefield Horse Show, Sedgefield, N. C.  
9 & 10—Grand Rapids Charity Horse Show, Grand Rapids, Mich.  
9 & 10—Connecticut Valley Horse Show.  
9 & 10—Second Annual Horse Show, Leona Stables, San Leandro, Calif.  
13 to 16, inc.—Charles Town Horse Show, Charles Town, W. Va.  
16 & 17—Long Meadow Junior League Horse Show, Long Meadow, Mass.  
17—Birchwood Horse Show, Wethersfield, Conn.  
16 & 17—Tarrytown Rockwood Hall Horse Show, Westchester Co., N. Y.  
22 & 23—Richmond Co. Horse Show, Staten Island, N. Y.  
23 & 24—De Witt Kiwanis Tecumseh Club Horse Show, De Witt, N. Y.  
23 & 24—Three Oaks Riding Club Horse Show, Allentown, Pa.  
29 & 30—Ox Ridge, Darien, Conn.

#### JULY

2, 3 & 4—Cache Valley Horse Show Ass'n., Logan, Utah.  
3 & 4—Culpeper Horse Show & Racing Association, Culpeper, Va.  
12, 13 & 14—Monmouth Co. Horse Show, Rumson, N. J. (tentative).  
28 & 29—Junior League Horse Show of Colorado Springs (tentative).

#### AUGUST

4 & 5 or 11 & 12—Sagamore Horse Show, Bolton Landing, New York (tentative).  
11—Litchfield Horse Show, Litchfield, Conn.  
11—Bath County Horse Show, Hot Springs, Va.  
25—Kewick Hunt Club Horse Show, Kewick, Va.  
25 & 26—Pioneer Valley Horse Association, Athol, Mass.

#### SEPTEMBER

1 & 2—Williamsport Horse Show, Williamsport.  
1 & 3—Warrenton Horse Show Association, Warrenton, Va.  
1 & 3—Altoona Horse Show, Altoona, Pa.  
2—Blandford Fair Horse Show, Mass.  
2 & 3—Quentin Riding Club Horse Show, Quentin, Pa.  
2 to 9 inc.—Kentucky State Fair Horse Show, Louisville, Ky.  
5—Central Wisconsin State Fair Ass'n. Horse Show.  
7, 8 & 9—Maryland Hunter Show, Pimlico, Baltimore, Md.  
9—Helping Hand Horse Show, Piping Rock Horse Show Grounds, Locust Valley, L. I., N. Y.  
13, 14 & 15 or 27, 28 & 29—Piping Rock Horse Show Association, Locust Valley, L. I., N. Y. (tentative).  
15 & 16—Fairfield County Hunt Club, Inc., Fairfield, Conn.  
20, 21 & 22—North Shore Horse Show, Stony Brook, L. I., N. Y. (tentative).  
20, 21 & 22—Chester County Horse Show, Devon, Pa.  
22 & 23 or 29 & 30—Hartford Fall Horse Show, Hartford, Conn.  
26 to 30 inc.—Los Angeles National Fall Horse Show.  
26 to 29—Bryn Mawr Horse Show Association, Inc., Bryn Mawr, Pa. (tentative).  
29 & 30—Bellewood Horse Show, Pottstown, Pa.  
30 to Oct. 6 inc.—Ak-Sar-Ben Horse Show, Ormond, Nebraska.

#### OCTOBER

5, 6 & 7—Rock Spring Horse Show, New Jersey.  
7—Hutchinson Horse Show, New York.  
27—8th Regiment National Guard Horse Show, Newburg, N. Y.

#### NOVEMBER

7 to 14, inc.—National Horse Show Ass'n. of America, Ltd., N. Y. (tentative).

#### DECEMBER

14 & 15—Brooklyn Horse Show, New York.

## Hunter Trials

#### MARCH

11—Barbara Worth Stables Hunter Trials, Third of a series of four, Sacramento, Calif.

#### APRIL

8—Deep Run Hunt Club Hunter Trials, Richmond, Va.  
15—Deep Run Hunt Club Junior Hunter Trials, Richmond, Va.

#### MAY

6—Barbara Worth Stables Hunter Trials, Fourth of a series of four, Sacramento, Calif.

## Racing

#### MAY

1—June 4—Thorncliffe Park Racing and Breeding Association, Ltd., Woodbine Park, Toronto, Ont. 30 days.  
19-26—Ontario Jockey Club, Woodbine Park, Toronto, Ont. 7 days.

#### JUNE

6-13—Long Branch Jockey Club, Dufferin Park, Toronto, Ont. 7 days.  
16-23—Metropolitan Racing Association, Dufferin Park, Toronto, Ont. 7 days.  
25-July 2—Hamilton Jockey Club, Ltd., Hamilton, Ont. 7 days.

#### JULY

4-19—Niagara Racing Association, Ltd., Fort Erie. 14 days.

#### AUGUST

4-11—Hamilton Jockey Club, Ltd., Hamilton, Ont. 7 days.  
18-Sept. 3—Belleville Driving and Athletic Association, Ltd., Stamford Park, Niagara Falls, Ont. 14 days.

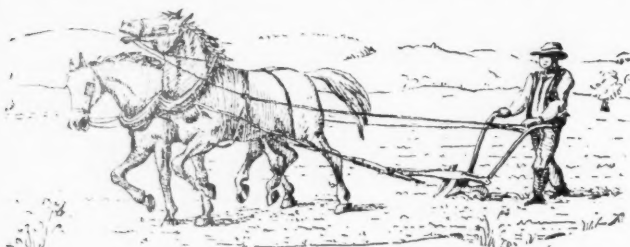
#### SEPTEMBER

8-15—Ontario Jockey Club, Woodbine Park, Toronto, Ont. 7 days.  
22-29—Thorncliffe Park Racing and Breeding Association, Ltd., Woodbine Park, Toronto, Ont. 7 days.

#### OCTOBER

3-10—Long Branch Jockey Club, Dufferin Park, Toronto, Ont. 7 days.  
13-20—Metropolitan Racing Association, Dufferin Park, Toronto, Ont.

# FARMING in WAR TIME



## February Best For Top-Dressing Grain

February is the best month for top-dressing small grain with nitrogen for getting highest yields. Many farmers apply nitrogen too late for best results.

Top-dressing small grains requires care on two counts—the right time and the right amount of nitrogen. Either February or early March will do as the right time but the earlier application means higher yields, tests show.

Using nitrogen in the proper amount gives you the most efficient use of it. To get the best use of the fertilizer, you must use enough so that yields will be increased to just below the danger point where lodging may be expected. As a rule of thumb, 150 pounds of nitrate of soda or its equivalent may safely be used on land that will not produce more than 45 bushels of corn per acre. And 125 pounds may be used on land that will yield 50 bushels of corn.

After all, the average farmer can increase the yield of fall-seeded wheat, barley or oats from 5 to 10 bushels per acre by top-dressing with nitrogen. With labor for planting and harvesting scarce as it is, everything that will boost yields his year is mighty worthwhile.

Nitrogen fertilizers can be applied through the fertilizer attachment of a grain drill or with a cyclone seeder. Or, of course, you can apply it by hand. But be sure you cover the land thoroughly or the result will be a wavy or streaky field.

## Fertilizer Bands Feed Fewer Weeds

The growing practice of placing fertilizers in bands alongside crop rows is a factor in saving labor and power as well as in producing higher yields. This grain, according to the Agricultural Research Administration, hinges on the control of weeds during the growing season.

Weed seedlings compete strongly with row-crop seedlings, particularly when fertilizer is applied broadcast. The reason for this, the experimenters explain, is that the plant food is as accessible to the undesirable

plants as to the desirable ones. Weeds which can get added plant food grow more rapidly and vigorously, thus are more difficult to control. During periods when conditions are unfavorable for effective cultivation, weed control may become a serious problem.

But, say the researchers, placing fertilizer for row crops alongside the rows in a band 2 or 3 inches to the side and 1 to 3 inches deep is a way to favor the wanted plants over the weeds. Of course the weed seedlings in the row and near it can get at the fertilizer, but the row becomes conspicuous in contrast with the rest of the land, making cultivation easier.

In some cases the major part of the fertilizer can be deeply placed under the seed, which favors the wanted plants and further restricts any advantages to the weeds. So then it is easier to kill the weeds by cutting some and covering others. The crop seedlings also get a higher percentage of the fertilizer provided.

## Breed Livability In Poultry Flocks

You can't get 100 percent of the chickens in your poultry flock to live long and lay well—but you can lengthen the lives of your birds.

If you want your chickens to live, forget the tonics and breed livability into your stock. Just like certain families of people who live to ripe old ages and other families who die comparatively young, strains of chickens live longer than others. They simply inherit the ability to live from parent birds who inherited it.

Of course, most poultry farmers are not poultry breeders. But you can get longer-living birds by purchasing baby chicks from those people who are breeders and who are making a conscientious effort to breed long lives into their flocks. Buy chickens as you'd buy a calf for a future milk cow. Look into their background.

Experiments carried on by the Virginia Experiment Station stand behind this advice which comes from Dr. Reece L. Bryant. Birds bred from high-mortality strains had a larger percentage of deaths than those bred from long-living strains.

## Care With Farrowing Will Up Pig Numbers

"Give brood sows the best attention possible so they'll farrow good, strong litters and then give both sows and litters the best of care."

So declares George Herring, animal husbandman for the Virginia Agricultural Extension service, in answer to the nation's demand for higher pork production this year. A few additional sows might be bred for farrowing in May or June but it's pretty late to do much about the spring pig crop. Saving the most pigs from spring litters is probably the best answer for now.

There is no doubt that farmers can profitably increase pig production this year. Reports say there's enough feed in the country to finish more hogs than will be grown. And hogs are now selling at or near ceiling prices at most markets.

As for the sows, they should be given enough grain to keep them gaining in weight up to farrowing time. But they shouldn't get too fat. Grain, however, lacks protein and minerals so you'll need to supply a half gallon of milk daily, or one third gallon of tankage, or about one-half pound of a good commercial feed analyzing around 40 percent in protein. Ground limestone and salt will take care of the minerals.

A good vitamin D source—which sows need for proper use of minerals—is leafy, properly cured legume hay. It ought to be provided two or three times a week.

Finally, don't forget that brood sows should exercise. Feeding them some distance from shelter or scattering a little whole grain on clean ground helps enforce it.

National 4-H Club Week is March 3 to 11. The theme for 4-H's that week will be "Head, Heart, Hands and Health to Victory."

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# New Master's Show

Continued from Page Two

years ago, have consented to assist Parson Astley of the Radstock in the judging of the Young Entry. Until that time, I wish you all every success with the harvest, which I know you are about to gather."

Time seemed to fly for the Merediths. There was much to do; for the date of the Puppy Show had been fixed for the 28th of July, which left hardly time enough for the invitations to be sent out. From Mr. Hardy, Alice obtained the list of guests which had been used by the old Squire; and with his help, she attended to all the arrangements.

"We ought to have about 450 people," said Hardy. "I've ordered a marquee from Scovill of Catherstone—he has always handled the Puppy Show, and I've told him to furnish the same refreshments as he has been accustomed to in the past. His is really a big catering firm, and he's thoroughly accustomed to dealing with these festivities. He brings everything—tables, vases for flowers, chairs, linen,—in fact, all you have to do is to tell him how many people to provide for, what time you wish tea served, and—pay the bill at the end," he added laughing. "Now, I should suggest that you have one long Head Table, at which you and Mr. Meredith, of course, the Committee and the Judges and the distinguished guests will be seated. The rest of the gathering will be happier if they are just allowed to sit down where they like. Are you and the Master planning to have a luncheon at the House before the Show?"

"Why yes," said Alice, "we are. We had planned to ask Lord Nevers, Sir Clifford and Lady Pember, and one or two Masters and their wives who had accepted, as well. Of course, Parson Astley and Mr. Lincoln are staying with us, and Mr. Chetland, too. I think there are about twenty people, all told. Jack got the idea of a luncheon before the show from Mr. West at 'Stanwell' in the Blankshire Country. He always used to have a luncheon there. I believe Fowler is having a somewhat similar entertainment for the visiting Huntsmen. We should be very pleased if you could lunch with us on that day too."

"I would be delighted, Mrs. Meredith," the young man said, "and I hope you will let me help you in any way in which I can be of use."

"Well," said Alice, "I thought of putting flowers on the Tea tables. Fowler told me they had never had any, but I think they would make the tables more cheerful. After all, caterers' dishes aren't too attractive anyway, are they? If you would ask Sir Clifford Pember's gardener to tell you what time his flowers would be ready—I've already asked Sir Clifford to let us have some flowers—and get them over to the tent in the forenoon, I'll come down and we can arrange the whole thing. I need you to tell me, too, about some of these guests who have accepted—because I don't know them from Adam,—and I'm not a particularly good hand at doing that sort of thing by myself."

"I'd be only too delighted to, dear Mrs. Meredith," answered the Agent, "that's part of my job you know—a very pleasant part too. Sir Herbert used to leave all that sort of thing to me and my sister, I don't think you've met her yet, have you? She lives with me in the Lodge you know and keeps house for me. She's been wanting to come and see if she couldn't make herself useful, but she's rather shy and just hadn't the

pluck to make the first advance. May I bring her over to see you one day?"

"Yes, of course," Alice answered. "Bring her over to Tea, Dick Chetland is staying with us, you know and he could amuse her while you and Jack and I talk over the Puppy Show plans and other business."

And so it happened that Dick Chetland met his fate for the first time a few days later. He didn't know it was his fate at the time, nor did she—but that's another story.

Usually, in stories of this sort, one would read of the beauty of the weather and the charm of the ladies' dresses, and how well the young hounds looked in the brilliant sunshine, etc., etc. Alas—I must tell the truth. No such beautiful day greeted Jack when he looked out of his window on the morning of the Puppy Show. There was a Northeast gale blowing and the rain came down in sheets. The big marquee which had been set up the evening before had blown down and the tables were buried beneath the wreckage. Luckily, no dishes had been put out and the linen had not been put on the tables; but it was a sad sight.

Jack sent for Fowler and Mr. Hardy and the three of them held a Council of War. "What are we going to do?" said the Master. "No one is going to stand out in this sort of weather and see hounds judged. I don't believe the hounds themselves would like it any better than we should, and I don't believe they would show. Could we postpone it, do you think?"

"No Sir, I don't think you could," said Fowler. "You see, Sir, we are only a few days from cubhunting, and it would mess things up a lot if we had to postpone that. What's more, there's a lot of folk who've planned to come here today and I think we ought to give 'em a run for their money—so to speak."

Hardy broke in. "I've got a suggestion, Master," he said. "I don't know what you'll think about it, but it has just occurred to me that you could show hounds in the big barn near the kennels. It's not an ideal place at all, but it's a very big barn, and I think you could make quite a decent Ring 'here, rope it off, and put some benches around the edges for people to sit on. There's nothing in it now, and it's quite clean and electrically lighted. The school had some theatricals there last winter. Sir Herbert had the lights put in for them."

"That's a grand idea," said Meredith, "but what about Tea? You couldn't very well serve tea in the barn, could you? There wouldn't be anywhere to sit, or anywhere to make the tea, for that matter."

Alice spoke up. "That is where I come in. We'll have the Tea here, in the House. Burton and Mrs. Reade and I will tackle that end of it. We can have Tea in the Hall and the Dining Room—in fact, we can have Tea in all the rooms on the bottom floor; if necessary, though I don't believe there'll be many people come, anyway."

Fowler smiled. "There would be a lot of 'em come. Madam, if they knew they were going to have Tea up at the House," he said. "But I don't believe there will be more than about two hundred. I'm sure it's very good of you, Madam. It'll be the first Puppy Show Tea that ever was held up here."

And so—to make a long story short—when the Young Entry had been passed upon by the three Judges, and the visiting Masters had watched from the Ringside with amusement the heated discussions

which had gone on between them, concerning the comparative merits of the puppies which had come in from walk, the entire gathering repaired to "Northesk House", where Scovill, the caterer, aided by Burton and Mrs. Reade and the other house servants, had set tables for over two hundred people in the big Hall. Jack Meredith, rising from his place at the centre of the Head Table, where he was flanked by Judges and Masters of Hounds who had braved the elements to come to his first Puppy Show, welcomed the guests in a short speech and explained why he had been forced to deviate from the custom of holding the Tea under a marquee on the lawn. He then called on the assembled company and asked them to drink the health of the Judges, and when they had done so, he called upon Parson Astley, as Senior Judge, to reply to the toast.

The white-haired Parson, in responding to his request, said: that he was very happy to come to "Northesk" again to judge the Young Entry for the year, as he had many times before. "I miss my old friend Sir Herbert," he said, "as I'm sure you all do, but I'm glad that you've chosen for your new Master a member of the family which has so long been identified with the Northwold Country. My fellow-judges and I did not agree in all the awards, but we did agree in thinking that your Master has a wonderfully good Young Entry to put on in this, his first season. I'm afraid that I can't agree with the course which is being followed by many of the younger Masters of Hounds today, in breeding to stallion hounds who should never have been admitted to the Stud Book. But—tempora mutantur—and it is hard for us of the older generation to keep pace with those who are following us, and I'm sure that I'm voicing the feelings of my fellow Judges when I say that we all wish the best of sport and luck to you new Master."

Mr. Lincoln who was next called upon to speak, said that he considered it a great honour to be asked to judge at a Puppy Show in such company as he found himself that day. "I have known your Master," he said, "for a good many years. We have hunted together in America, where the conditions of hunting are very much more difficult than those which obtain on this side of the water, and I know that he has made as careful a study of hunting as any man in the hunting world today. American farmers are not born to the sport, as you gentlemen are over here. Some of them don't understand it yet, but we are a young country and we're learning. It has been a particular pleasure to me to have been associated with two Judges, whose opinions I have always held in the greatest respect—Parson Astley, of whom everyone in the foxhound world has heard, even before his visit to America a few years ago, and my old Huntsman—and friend—Robert Westcott, who began his career among you. May I join Parson Astley in his wish for success and the best of sport to your Master."

When he had finished, Meredith called on the third Judge, and there was loud cheering and cries of "Hear Hear" when Westcott rose. "Master, Mrs. Meredith, my Lords and Gentlemen," he said, "I'm not going to attempt to comment on the Entry which we have had the pleasure of judging this afternoon. I'm simply going to thank the Master and Mrs. Meredith for the wonderful hospitality they have shown to us all in inviting us here to their own house;

and I am going to make a remark I have so often made when, on a bad-scenting day, we have had a good hunt,—that it is one of the "glorious uncertainties of foxhunting." There was much laughter and applause, and he went on:—"If I may propose a toast, I should like to ask you all to rise and drink the health of Mrs. Meredith, and may she reign long here in the country beside your new Master."

The toast was drunk by everyone standing, and then there were calls of "Speech" and more applause, as Alice rose. "Thank you all," she said, "thank you a thousand times. I'm very proud and pleased and happy to have had you here as our guests today. The Master has asked me to give out the prizes; so now, perhaps, if you will come up as your names are called, it will give me great pleasure to do so."

After the prizes had been distributed and the toast of the Puppy Walkers had been responded to by old Giles Fenwick, whose bitch puppy, CHARITY, has been adjudged Champion of the Show, Lord Nevers proposed the health of the Master, and after this had been drunk with musical honours, the guests departed.

Lord Nevers came over to Jack. "I've been at many Puppy Shows in this country, Meredith," he said. "I was at the first Puppy Show which your uncle gave on his accession to the Mastership, more than fifty years ago; but I've never attended such a Puppy Show as this. May you be with us for many years—and you too, my Dear," he said to Alice. "It's nice to have a woman at 'Northesk House' again."

## Carroll Hounds

Continued from Page Six

Other followers of the Carroll Hounds have included Mrs. Ellsworth Ford, Master of the Bijoux Bassets, Mrs. Chester A. Braman, wife of the Ex-Master of the Old Chatham, Mrs. Gordon Cox, wife of the Old Chatham's veteran Secretary, Miss Daphne Smith, daughter of the first Master. Miss Susan Gidley made her debut with hounds in 1944 and Miss Thistle Brown was a regular, as usual, when college permitted. Everything was done in a modest and simple way but, considering wartime difficulties, it was a good season and the future of hunting in Columbia County is encouraging.—S. S.

## Assistance of Horsemen

Authorized to act for the assistance of horsemen and the preservation of the Thoroughbred during the present emergency, the Board of Directors of the T. R. A. will study reports received from various racing localities affected and will put into operation whatever steps are necessary.

A preliminary survey in California, Florida and Louisiana showed that all immediate problems are being met by local turf organizations. The tracks in these sectors are keeping their stable facilities open for the horsemen until arrangements have been made to ship to their homes, or to the tracks nearest their homes.

"Our immediate consideration is the horsemen and the preservation of the Thoroughbred," Judge James E. Dooley told the T. R. A. Membership at the recent meeting in New York. "Racing does not intend to set up a system of doles. Racing is urging and assisting every man who is employable in war work to secure such employment."

# In The Country:-



## Corporal Robert Henry

Word has been received by Samuel J. Henry of Washington, D. C., that his son, Corporal Robert Henry, died January 18 of wounds received while in action with the 9th Army. Bob was formerly connected with The Star and The Morning Telegraph.

## Hunting

Middleburg and Orange County hounds are again sniffing the winds in quest of a fox. After hibernating through the ice and snow of January, they shake themselves and make ready to run their red brother.

## Too Much Weather

Mrs. Amory Perkins, like the proverbial little animal which sticks his head out in February, came back to Middleburg from Boston, saw the flinty earth and thence to Florida. But not for long if this warm spell and the hunting continues.

## California Stay

Henry Bowyer and Jim Wiley left Middleburg recently and went to California to look the country over and are staying with Mrs. M. E. Whitney.

## No Hunting

Major Josiah H. Child writes from overseas thanking us for the picture of a rabbit we sent to him. He states that it brings back his beagles and his fox hunting days. No hunting where he is, but he likes his work.

## Back To Virginia

Captain Gerald B. Webb, Jr., is back from China for a short stay. He rushes into The Chronicle office, grabs the phone, greets innumerable friends and out again. Too many things to do in too little time, including a trip to Colorado to see his family, with a wind-up to report at Miami by March 3rd. Louis Duffey had Big Charley and Easy Mark all trimmed up, even to new shoes (no coupons needed), so he and Gerry took the old boys out for a little exercise Sunday. If the former Editor of The Chronicle has a spare moment, he no doubt will find a typewriter and plenty of copy paper staring him in the face.

## Horsemanship

Edward Dickinson of Rochester, New York joins the ranks in The Chronicle this week in the Horsemanship columns. He began riding in 1914 and started to write professionally in 1926. Besides writing for The Chronicle, he writes for The American Horseman. Mr. Dickinson also has a judge's license from the American Horse Shows Association.

## Goff Retires Skytracer

Suspension of racing prompted M. B. Goff's decision to offer Skytracer for stud service this spring. Now at Hialeah Race Course, the 1943 Blue Grass stakes winner will soon be shipped to Lexington.

## Lt. Marshall Hughes

Second Lieutenant Marshall Hughes, son of the John E. Hughes of Middleburg, Virginia, previously reported missing, is now reported killed in action on January 3 in Belgium.

Lieutenant Hughes was educated at Groton and was at Harvard a year. He was a graduate of the anti-aircraft officer candidate school at Camp Davis, North Carolina. When he reached England he volunteered for the paratroops and after jump training was assigned to the 82nd Airborne Division, with which he was serving when killed.

He was a well-known steeplechase rider and rode his horses in most of the leading steeplechases, including the Maryland Hunt Cup. At Harvard he was a member of the freshman track, squash and polo teams and an editor of the Red Book.

His commanding General advised his parents, "Your son fought valiantly in a supreme hour of his country's need. His memory will live in the grateful heart of our nation."

Three brothers, all in the Army, survive him, one in France, one with the 38th Division on Luzon and one with the Air Force in China.

## Southern Pines

Continued from Page One

ridden by Bobby Frye of Washington, student at Notre Dame Academy, led a string of thirteen entries to win the blue ribbon in this class. Blackstone, an aged gelding owned by Lewis Scheipers of Lawrence, Massachusetts, with Sgt. Michael Garone up, was 2nd. Mountain Echo, an entry from Mile-Away Stables, with Corporal Andy Hammond in the saddle, was judged 3rd.

Mrs. W. O. Moss riding Golden Wood, a trim chestnut gelding, was awarded 1st place in the class for light weight hunters run over the outside course. Sail On, owned by Ann Cannon Reynolds of Palm Beach, Florida, with Petty Officer Junebug Tate up, ran a close 2nd in the field of eight hunters. Dunkirk, a 4-year-old, entered by the Mile-Away Stables, and ridden by Mrs. Moss, was 3rd.

Gold Star, owned by Mickey Walsh and ridden by his young daughter, Joan Walsh, cleared the bars at 5'-0" to break a tie in a jump off for 1st place. Prince, owned and ridden by Mrs. Moss, took 2nd place out of twelve entries. Sail On, with Petty Officer Junebug Tate up, was 3rd.

Ann Pearson, young daughter of the Harlow Pearsons of Southern Pines, was awarded the blue ribbon out of thirteen entries in the class for children's horsemanship. Elaine Johnson of Southern Pines was 2nd. Edith Caddell, also of Southern Pines, was 3rd.

The potato race, a novelty event, captained by Petty Officer Junebug Tate, won by a score of 12-2 over the army team captained by Corporal Andy Hammond of Camp Mackall.

Col. O. A. Dickerson, a retired army officer, judged. Allene Stearns of New York presented the ribbons. Invocation was made by the Rev. G. Tucker Humphries, pastor of the Congregational Church.

## Future Winners Now Getting Education At Hialeah Race Course

Thoroughbred racing has been suspended in this country, but the education of the Whirlaways, the Seabiscuits and the Twilight Tears of the future is being continued at Hialeah Race Course.

Shutdown of racing has left a record "nursery" of 198 leggy racers—who officially became two years of age January 1, although many are actually only 16 and 18 months old—in the Hialeah barns.

These 1946 Kentucky Derby hopes and prospective handicap champions of 1947-48-49 were well along with their ABCs of racing, and so the kindergarten classes are being carried on by skeleton staffs to properly educate the animals.

The schooling of a race horse, it might be explained, begins before he is a year and a half old. He is bitted and broken to saddle; by Fall he is galloping well, and is allowed to stride along first for a furlong, and then for two furlongs every other day or maybe every third day.

When he arrives at Hialeah in the late Fall the easier canterers are changed to gallops with older horses to give him confidence. The leader of the set (the group of Thoroughbreds being exercised together) in the morning workouts, usually a staid, old selling plater, is appropriately called the schoolmaster.

Later the youngster learns to stand quietly in the stall gate, and to jump away from it at top speed when a bell rings and the gates swing open. This is really the most difficult part of a young racer's education, for the starting gate looks like a railway signal bridge on wheels, and must be a pretty fearsome sight to a nervous, impressionable animal.

"You just can't suddenly stop the schooling and training of the young horses," says Trainer W. E. (Red) Wingfield of Circle M Ranch in a typical comment. "We'd just begun to teach our 2-year-olds in breaking from the gate."

The size of the Hialeah nursery

isn't surprising, as owners and trainers have become keenly conscious the last few years of the benefits of wintering young horses, who, humans, do better under Miami's magical sun. They can be exercised daily outside without fear of cold, where weather in the North is uncertain, and snow may keep the animals in the barns for weeks.

## Secor Farms Show

Continued from Page One

in the club. Exhibitors and spectators alike enjoy these shows and plan to have bigger and better ones as the weeks go by.

## Summaries

Bridle path hacks—1. Holly, Barry T. Leithead; 2. Reno Kaliph, Justin Yozell; 3. Dandelion, Norman Greenway; 4. The Hawk, Mrs. Elsiebeth Correll.

Working hunters—1. Stove Polish, Hans Petschek; 2. The Hawk, Mrs. Elizabeth Correll; 3. Happy Creek, George Braun; 4. Why Worry, Mrs. Braun.

Open jumpers—1. Tops'l, Dick Webb; 2. Stove Polish, Hans Petschek; 3. Cocksure, Roger Leithead; 4. Happy Creek, George Braun.

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## Classified Ads

### FOR SALE

FOR SALE—Chestnut gelding, two-year-old, by Peter Hastings out of good open-jump mare, Marina. Partially broken; good show hunter and jumper prospect. Price \$500.00. Box PH, The Chronicle, Berryville, Va. 2-9 2t ch

FOR SALE—Bay mare, registered Half-bred. 16.3. 6 yrs. old. Good manners, excellent hunter or show prospect. Up to any weight. Priced for quick sale, \$500. W. W. Price, Cockeysville, Md., Phone Cockeysville 72-J. 2-16 2t

FOR SALE—Broodmare, bay, 16.2, 9 years old, Thoroughbred by Ladkin. A winner herself. Quiet, has been hunted one season. Price \$500. Call Silver Spring, Md. 0106 between 9 a. m. and 5 P. M. 2-23t-c.

### WANTED

WANTED—A two-horse trailer in good condition, good tires. Vicinity of New York. Box ECR, The Chronicle, Berryville, Va. 2-9 tf

WANTED—Competent man to take full management of large Virginia farm. Must have business and executive ability as well as complete farming knowledge and experience. Permanent position and good salary for the right man. Box HB, The Chronicle, Berryville, Va. 1-127t-c

WANTED—Couple. Attractive home in Pa. hunt country. Man to boots, breeches, gardening, butler; wife do cooking, downstairs work. Write references. Mrs. John B. Hannum III, Unionville, Chester Co., Pa. 2-24t

### MISCELLANEOUS

HORSEMAN—Cavalry Schools graduated with various experience in teaching riding, modern jumping, hunting, schooling horses and management wishes suitable position with School, Hunt or Riding club, private show stable. P. O. Box 35, Mayfield Heights, Ohio. 2-24t

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